

[illegible]

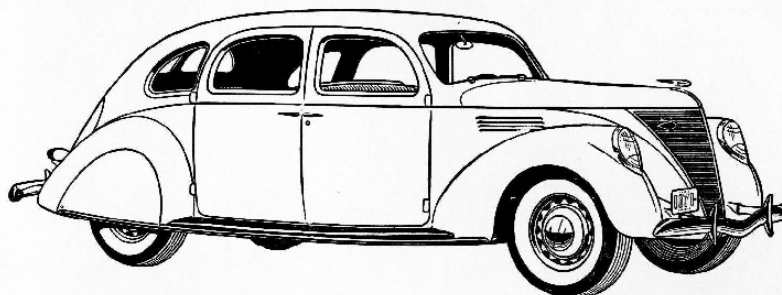
BARBARA BOSTON

# THE BRAT

Twenty-five Cents



**DRIVE**  
today's most advanced motor car



**JOE STUBBS JR.**

*Incorporated*

17 E. Victoria St.  
Santa Barbara

No car so roomy and comfortable ever handled more easily than this one. No car so easy to handle ever offered V-12 engine performance.

Just as unusual as it looks . . . this new Lincoln-Zephyr V-12 is today's MOST ADVANCED motor car. Drive one today for the greatest automobile thrill you have ever experienced.

**LINCOLN-ZEPHYR V-12**

Convenient terms through U.C.C.—3½% per month on original unpaid balance. PRICED FROM **\$1275** F.O.B. DETROIT

*Gateways to*  
**ENCHANTMENT**

*(Cannes without crossing)*

**EDGECLIFF BEACH CLUB**

Eucalyptus Lane  
Montecito

*(Enchantment)*

**EL ENCANTO HOTEL and VILLAS**

On the Riviera  
Santa Barbara



**EDGECLIFF BEACH CLUB**

Individual and family memberships for ideal summer recreation . . . Deauville sun-tan Beach with Cabanas . . . Redwood Lodge (cocktail cottage) . . . Restaurant Buffet Luncheons, Evening Dinners.

**EL ENCANTO HOTEL AND VILLAS**

Above the old Mission . . . overlooking Mountains and Sea . . . Cuisine of Peculiar Excellence . . . All outdoor sports . . . Low consistent Tariffs . . . Guests have privileges of Edgecliffe Beach Club.

Under Personal Direction of  
**CHARLES BEDELL  
HERVEY**





GOOD  
FOOD  
★  
COCKTAILS

## SPORTSMAN CLUB

22 W. FIGUEROA - PHONE 23310  
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

LUNCHEON DINNER  
*Private Dining Rooms*

Finest imported and domestic:

WINES  
LIQUORS  
CORDIALS

Investigate our new buying  
plan. For details call at the  
Sportsman's Club, 22 W.  
Figueroa. Dial 23310.

## UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

MRS. A. L. VASSAR, Prop.  
*Formerly of State College Coffee Shop*

ICE CREAM *Try the New* MUSIC  
HOT  
SPOT  
CHEESEBURGERS  
WITH  
REAL SPANISH  
SAUCE  
15c  
EACH  
CHILA BURGERS  
900 COAST HIGHWAY  
MONTECITO  
PHONE 92606  
COLD BEER  
PRIVATE BOOTHS

BREAKFAST ORDERS  
A SPECIALTY  
Open 10 A.M.—UNTIL 3 A.M.

**DulMar's**  
Restaurant  
*Consistently Good Food*  
912 STATE ST., SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.



## Marks the SPOTS

### Guide to Entertainment on the Coast

| Dancing | Cocktails | For information regarding entertainment on the coast, required dress, prices, location of out of the way spots, hotels, etc., write THE SPOTS Dept., Aperitif Magazine, Box 354, Santa Barbara, California. | Music | Show |
|---------|-----------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|------|
|         |           | <b>SANTA BARBARA</b>                                                                                                                                                                                        |       |      |
|         | X         | LA CANTINA.....                                                                                                                                                                                             |       |      |
|         | X         | CASA DE SEVILLA.....                                                                                                                                                                                        |       |      |
| X       | X         | THE GARDEN ROOM.....                                                                                                                                                                                        |       |      |
|         | X         | FIESTA ROOM.....                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |      |
| X       | X         | THE PLANTATION.....                                                                                                                                                                                         | X     |      |
|         | X         | TOP HAT.....                                                                                                                                                                                                | X     |      |
|         | X         | SHEETZ.....                                                                                                                                                                                                 |       |      |
| X       | X         | EL PASEO, Dancing and Entertainment in Spanish                                                                                                                                                              | X     | X    |
|         | X         | OLD TOWN.....                                                                                                                                                                                               |       |      |
| X       | X         | BILTMORE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.....                                                                                                                                                                               | X     | X    |
| X       | X         | EL CORTIJO.....                                                                                                                                                                                             | X     |      |
|         | X         | THE SPORTSMAN.....                                                                                                                                                                                          | X     |      |
|         | X         | MELODY LANE.....                                                                                                                                                                                            | X     |      |
|         | X         | EL AMIGO.....                                                                                                                                                                                               | X     |      |
| X       | X         | MEXICO CITY INN.....                                                                                                                                                                                        | X     |      |
|         |           | <b>SAN FRANCISCO</b>                                                                                                                                                                                        |       |      |
|         | X         | CARDINAL ROOM, at the Alexander Hamilton Hotel.....                                                                                                                                                         | X     |      |
|         | X         | BOSTONIAN CLUB.....                                                                                                                                                                                         | X     |      |
|         | X         | CLUB BELLEVUE.....                                                                                                                                                                                          | X     |      |
|         | X         | BUFFET LOUNGE, EL Cortez Hotel.....                                                                                                                                                                         | X     |      |
|         | X         | REDWOOD ROOM, at the Clift Hotel.....                                                                                                                                                                       | X     |      |
|         | X         | ROBERTS-AT-THE-BEACH.....                                                                                                                                                                                   | X     |      |
|         | X         | CALIENTE.....                                                                                                                                                                                               | X     |      |
|         | X         | EL NIDO.....                                                                                                                                                                                                | X     |      |
|         | X         | GANGPLANK.....                                                                                                                                                                                              | X     |      |
|         | X         | GILBEY'S.....                                                                                                                                                                                               | X     |      |
|         | X         | FOUNTAIN COURT, at the Mark Hopkins Hotel.....                                                                                                                                                              | X     |      |
|         | X         | CIRCUS LOUNGE, at the Fairmont Hotel.....                                                                                                                                                                   | X     |      |
|         | X         | THREE MUSKETEERS.....                                                                                                                                                                                       | X     |      |
| X       | X         | GREENWICH VILLAGE.....                                                                                                                                                                                      | X     | X    |
| X       | X         | LIDO.....                                                                                                                                                                                                   | X     | X    |
| X       | X         | ROYAL HAWAIIAN.....                                                                                                                                                                                         | X     | X    |
| X       | X         | MUSIC BOX.....                                                                                                                                                                                              | X     | X    |
| X       | X         | DAWN CLUB.....                                                                                                                                                                                              | X     | X    |
| X       | X         | CLUB DEAUVILLE.....                                                                                                                                                                                         | X     | X    |
| X       | X         | KIT KAT CLUB.....                                                                                                                                                                                           | X     | X    |
| X       | X         | EL PORTAL.....                                                                                                                                                                                              | X     | X    |
| X       | X         | BAL TABARIN.....                                                                                                                                                                                            | X     | X    |
| X       | X         | EMBASSY CLUB.....                                                                                                                                                                                           | X     | X    |
| X       | X         | CAFE MODERNE.....                                                                                                                                                                                           | X     | X    |
|         |           | <b>LOS ANGELES</b>                                                                                                                                                                                          |       |      |
| X       | X         | TROCADERO.....                                                                                                                                                                                              | X     |      |
| X       | X         | TROPICO.....                                                                                                                                                                                                |       |      |
| X       | X         | CLOVER CLUB.....                                                                                                                                                                                            | X     | X    |
|         | X         | COCOANUT GROVE.....                                                                                                                                                                                         | X     |      |
|         | X         | VENDOME.....                                                                                                                                                                                                |       |      |
| X       | X         | LYMAN'S.....                                                                                                                                                                                                |       |      |
|         | X         | PARIS-INN.....                                                                                                                                                                                              | X     | X    |
|         | X         | LUCCA'S.....                                                                                                                                                                                                |       |      |
|         | X         | GRAND HOTEL.....                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |      |
| X       | X         | MONTEREY ROOM, At the Mayflower Hotel.....                                                                                                                                                                  | X     |      |
| X       | X         | THE RENDEZVOUS, at the Biltmore Hotel.....                                                                                                                                                                  | X     |      |
| X       | X         | BILTMORE BOWL, at the Biltmore Hotel.....                                                                                                                                                                   | X     | X    |
| X       | X         | CLUB LA SALLE.....                                                                                                                                                                                          | X     |      |
| X       | X         | FLORENTINE ROOM, at the Beverly-Wilshire.....                                                                                                                                                               | X     |      |
| X       | X         | PARIS INN.....                                                                                                                                                                                              | X     |      |
| X       | X         | RED BARN.....                                                                                                                                                                                               | X     | X    |
| X       | X         | WILSHIRE BOWL.....                                                                                                                                                                                          | X     |      |
| X       | X         | SARDI'S, on Hollywood Boulevard.....                                                                                                                                                                        | X     |      |
| X       | X         | CLUB ALABAM, Colored Review.....                                                                                                                                                                            | X     | X    |



For the first time . . . the  
high road to romance . . .  
to Ensenada in Old Mexico  
.. is complete. Sixty-seven  
miles of paved road from  
the American border open  
the gateway to a new  
world. Hunting, fishing,  
hot springs and gaming ca-  
sino at the Playa Ensenada.

*For information please write*

**Playa  
ENSENADA**  
SANTA CALIFORNIA IN OLD MEXICO

## ELMER'S GOOD FOOD

SERVICE

Five Thirty in the Morning  
Closing at Two A.M.

SATURDAY—ALL NITE

Phone 27574

**1026 STATE ST.**  
SANTA BARBARA

BREAKFAST  
LUNCHEON  
DINNER

## A. SABELLA SEA FOODS

State St. at Wharf  
Santa Barbara, Calif.  
Phone 27367

For nearly fifty years the Sabella  
family has been prominently iden-  
tified with the fishing industry.  
Let those who know how prepare  
your sea food dinners.

The only place south of San Fran-  
cisco serving sea foods exclusively.



# \$100

## For a New Name

With sixteen months' successful publication back of us Apéritif Magazine begins a new era with the next edition. Circulation and news coverage will include the eleven western states with emphasis on the Pacific Coast, the Orient and South America. There will be more pages, more art, more features, more news than any other Pacific Coast magazine. Apéritif will be spiral bound, with five separate departments, each with its own cover and all bound into the same magazine. With so many improvements we wonder if you would like to have us change the name to something more typically descriptive. Well, it's up to you. We've given you the tip. If you can pick a winner it's worth \$100 to you. If you're one of the ten best runner-uppers, then you will receive a two year subscription to the new magazine. Here's the rules:

### Rules

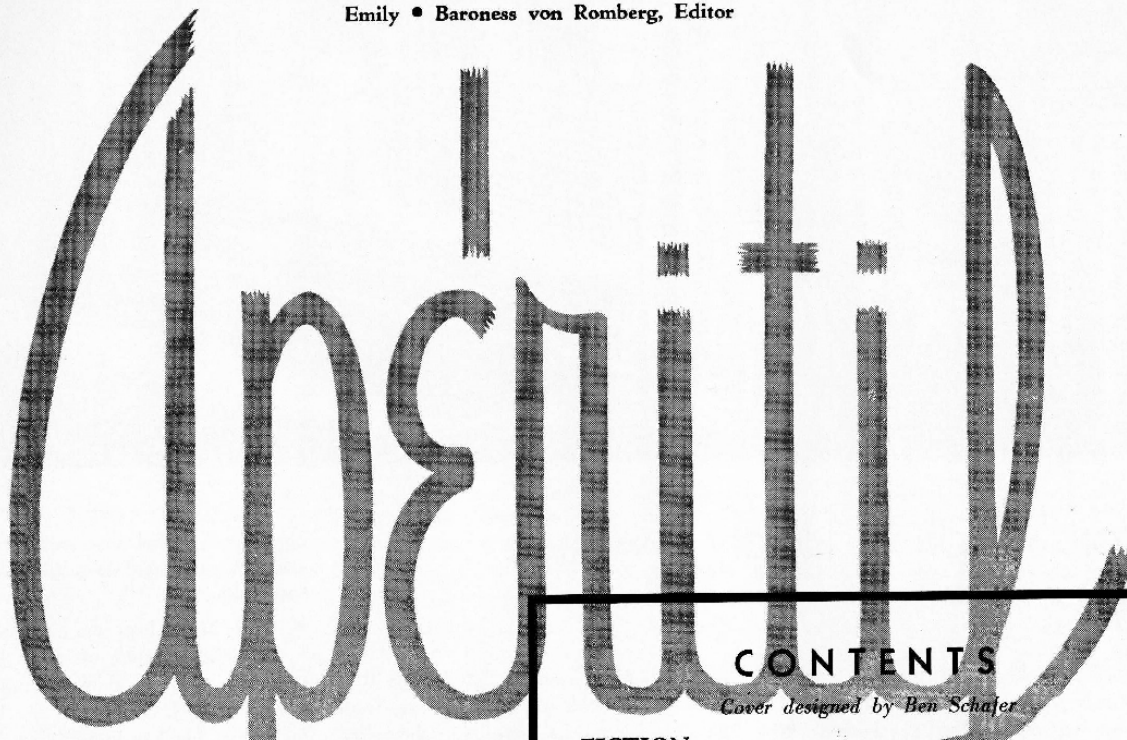
1. On one sheet of paper write your suggestion for a new name for Apéritif Magazine.
2. On the same sheet, list five subjects you'd like to see more of such as: ART, SPORTS, PHOTOGRAPHY, POLITICS.
3. Write your own name and address in the upper left hand corner.
4. Mail to APÉRITIF, Inc., Box 354, Santa Barbara, Calif. Attention: NEW NAME Editor.

*No entries will be returned and none will be acknowledged except in cases of winners. In case of a tie, the money will be divided among all persons submitting the winning name. Apéritif contributors are eligible but no members of Apéritif staff may compete.*



Maximilian • Baron von Romberg, Publisher

Emily • Baroness von Romberg, Editor



## CONTENTS

*Cover designed by Ben Schafer*

### FICTION

- PORTRAIT OF A LONELY WOMAN ..... 6  
K. C. Shelby
- UNDER THE BED ..... 13  
Ormond Delmont

### ARTICLES

- BOATING vs. YACHTING ..... 8  
Harold L. Monroe
- THE CASE OF THE CURSING SALOON-KEEPER..... 10  
Don Kern
- NEW YORK INTERLUDE ..... 12  
Barbara (New York) Boston
- DOG FIGHT ON CHAMPA ST. .... 17
- BABBLINGS ..... 18  
By the Brat
- SAN FRANCISCO NEWS-LETTER ..... 21  
Peter Abenheim
- FINGER ON THE WHISPERING MASQUE ..... 28  
Kurt Unkelbach

### ART

- LEADERS OF MANKIND ..... 11  
Hildy
- 21 GUN SALUTE ..... 14-15
- ADVERTISING ..... 16  
Ben Schafer
- LEICA THIS AND LEICA THAT ..... 24-25  
L. L. Hugo

APERITIF MAGAZINE: Published monthly at Santa Barbara, California, by Aperitif, Incorporated, under the management of R. L. Hancock & Staff. Stanton Delaplane, Managing Editor. Philip Chancellor, Photo-Illustrator. Subscription rates \$2.50 a year; foreign, \$3.00; single copies, 25c. Contents copyright 1936. Entered as second class matter July 24, 1935, at the Post Office at Santa Barbara, Calif., under the act of March 3, 1879. Address all communications to Aperitif, Inc., P. O. Box 354, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Volume Two—Number Five

May-June Issue



## Portrait of a lonely woman

By K. C. SHELBY

■ She clicked the French telephone softly into place and sat staring at it, smiling slyly. Then she looked critically about the room. She arose and walked over to the Baby Grand piano and rearranged some sheets of music, stacking them into neat, even piles. She ran her finger-tips exploringly along the polished surface of an end-table and then examined them carefully, as if she were afraid she might find dust. But apparently she found none. Next she walked over to the cabinet-radio and moved a silver vase containing roses perhaps two inches to the right. At her touch one of the roses showered petals down and these she gathered into the palm of her hand and with long, bony fingers, kneaded them into a tight, fragrant ball. She disposed of them in the blue-and-white waste-basket that stood just inside her bedroom, beside the dressing table.

In many other places about the house, and even here inside the bedroom, were soft-shaded lamps in convenient nooks and corners. But here above her dressing-table burned two hard, bright bulbs, unshaded, and of powerful wattage. They lighted her face with a merciless glare.

She sat there a moment, staring absorbedly at the little network of wrinkles about her eyes and at the shadow-lines about her mouth. Anxiously she studied them. In the bright light she could see

them all, for the mirror left her no illusions. Then, without taking her eyes from the greenish eyes in the mirror, she began to undress. The pupils that stared back at her were hard, round points of black. Ever since the telephone call they had seemed dilated a little as if from excitement. Now she stood there, completely naked, gazing at her own reflection.

She did not appear to be fascinated with what she saw. She did not even seem to be pleased. Her gaze, rather, was impersonal and calculating, as if she were one who refused to be fooled by pretty make-believe. For an instant she cupped a hand experimentally under her left breast and pushed it upward and outward, into a semblance of youth, noting the effect in the mirror. Then she let it fall again, wilted, flat against her chest, and walked on into the bathroom and began to run hot water into the tub. She sprinkled crystal bath-salts into the water and presently the strongly-sweet odor of Black Narcissis arose with clouds of steam and filled the room to overflowing.

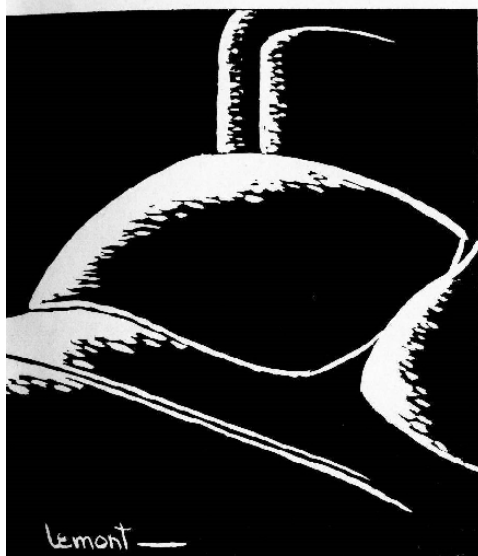
When the tub was nearly filled she drew a rubber bathing-cap on over her head, carefully pushing all the hair up under its covering. Then she climbed into the tub and allowed her body to sink deep into the water. It covered her over entirely, until all that showed above its surface

were her eyes and nose and mouth. She allowed herself to steep like this for a long while.

■ Back in her bedroom again she found a light wrapper of sheer blue silk and tied it loosely about her waist. Her arms and back and breast she left bare, for greater freedom in applying them over solid with a whitening lotion and then a fine film of scented dusting powder. Her face she made up with extreme caution and skillful care. From a wealth of bottles and jars and boxes she produced astringents, creams, powders, rouge. From an inner drawer of the dressing-table she brought forth mascara, eye-shadow, lipstick. Slowly she applied them, adding a bit here, erasing a bit there with a tissue-towel, then bending forward to examine the results; then erasing and adding again. From time to time as she worked she glanced at the marble clock on her dressing-table.

Now she was ready to begin dressing again. First she put on a foundation garment of pink elastic. It pulled in her sagging stomach, made it firm-looking and smoothly flat. Next came stockings. Sheer ones. She stretched them on smooth and tight, taking care that neither of the seams were twisted. The pumps that she took from shoe-trees in the closet were small, expensive. The silk slip was peach-colored, with the brassiere built in. And when she pulled the black satin dress on over her shoulders it fitted her tightly. All this she noted in the mirror, with satisfaction. She stood there a moment long-





er, turning this way and that, making sure that everything was all right before switching off the bright light. She looked years younger now.

She walked back to the living room and waited. She sat at the Baby Grand piano and let her long fingers wander over the keyboard, strumming out snatches of a waltz tune. She was sitting thus when the door buzzer sounded. And although she had apparently been listening for this sound, now that she heard it she started a little and sat there even a moment longer, composing her features into a studied mask of indifference before she went over to open the door.

"How do you do" she said to the young man standing there. She did not smile.

"Good evening," said the young man. "I'm Mr. Brill, the one who phoned."

"Oh, yes. I've been expecting you."

She held the door open wide and he walked past her, into the softly-lighted room.

"How nice!" he said, looking about. "It's a shame to rent it out."

"We-ell," she hesitated a little. "I wouldn't rent it out to just *anybody*. But Mrs. Kavanaugh's told me all about you and your mother. She recommends you very highly."

The young man looked up. "That's nice of her. They're fine neighbors."

"I haven't advertised it yet," she said.

"That's what Mrs. Kavanaugh was telling me."

■ Since he had entered the room her eyes had not left him once. She kept

gazing at him, looking him over, and in her eyes *was* a look that was strangely hungry. The young man was apparently unconscious of her gaze. He kept walking about the room, looking at the furniture, at the wall-paper, at the heavy blue silk drapes. Evidently he was pleased with what he saw. Now he had walked over to the piano. With one finger he picked at a note. "Pretty," he said.

"Do you play?"

"No. But I love music." His voice had a quick, cheery sound. It seemed to excite her. She stood there a moment, looking at the lamp-light play over the back of his neck. It was a freshly-barbered neck. He had come bare-headed and his dark hair was still slightly damp and smelled faintly of a masculine hair-oil.

"Here's the dining-room." She switched on the flame-colored chandelier. Directly beneath it was a polished walnut table with a blue velvet runner stretched diagonally across its width. And in its center stood a silver dish containing orange-and-yellow straw flowers.

"I always use the breakfast nook, myself."

As she spoke she pressed another wall-switch and light sprang from a blue-shaded drop light, flooding over the ivory-colored breakfast set that stood there in the glassed-in alcove. The windows that opened above it were only half-windows, fastened with hinges that swung inward. They were covered with white-and-blue dotted swiss curtains, crisp and pleated. And the wall paper, what part of it that showed, was a rich cream background patterned with geometrically-spaced blue-birds in flight. All these things the young man noted with increasing interest and evident pleasure.

"I believe Mrs. Kavanaugh said the reason you were giving up the place is because you dislike living on here alone?"

She looked up quickly. "Yes," she said. "I told Mrs. Kavanaugh that."

For a moment after that the young man was silent. And her gaze, as she looked searchingly at him, was steady.

"I lost my husband over a year ago," she said slowly.

"I'm sorry." After that he pretended an interest in the screened-in side porch. He seemed to be trying to get away from her steady gaze.

"It's big enough out here for a bed," he said.

"Yes. Mr. York always liked sleeping out here in the summer." She walked

over and tugged at a rope. "The canvas sides can be lowered in case of sudden rain."

He peered out then into the yard. He avoided meeting her gaze again.

"If you care for flowers you'll find plenty of them about the place," she said.

"The yard looks very well cared for."

"Yes. Mr. York always loved flowers. I've tried to take good care of them. For him."

■ They passed on then into the kitchen, the young man switching off lights behind them as they went. She switched on more lights ahead of them. The kitchen was big and airy, and spotlessly clean.

"It's a pretty kitchen," he said.

"I don't use it much. Most times I eat out. Or else I dine over at my Mother's. It's less lonely when I do that."

"Are you moving in with your mother when you give up your house?"

"No. She wants me to. I have two sisters living at home. They all want me to. But I—well, I've had a home of my own for so long—" Her voice had suddenly grown vague and for the first time since he had been there she looked away from him, staring uneasily into the darkness.

"I'm going away," she said finally. "To study. I'm going away to school."

"I see," said the young man. But the bewildered look on his face belied his words.

She laughed suddenly. A laugh that had no mirth in it. "You see, I've always thought I would like to paint. But I probably won't learn anything. I've waited too long."

He murmured a polite something. Something about people's best work being done after they had reached the age of maturity.

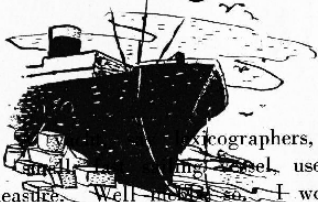
"It's as good an alibi as any," she said, ignoring his remark. "I've got to get away—" with a long, thin hand she indicated her surroundings. "—from this. And from people."

Her voice had grown warm again, almost confidential. And she was watching him again with that hungry, speculative look, much like a person wondering if they have found someone they can unburden themselves to in speech. The young man looked away. He pretended sudden interest in cupboards and pantry. He fingered gingerly with pots and pans.

She stood there a moment watching him. And her voice, when she spoke again, was quite casual. "The bedrooms are on this side of the house," (Continued on Page 23)

# "Boating versus Yachting"

By HAROLD L. MONROE



■ ...geographers, is a vessel, used for pleasure. Well, I wouldn't know. But just mention "yacht" to most of us and our minds go cruising. We see visions of trim shapely hulls, trim shapely women, shining white paint, bright chromium, natty, brass-bound uniforms; and shimmering on the horizon in the distance oil-soaked, powder burnt, landed millionaires or glamorous, romantic cinema folks.

As I cruise around, visiting various boat-yards, moorings and landings, I see plenty of boats, used for pleasure too, that aren't fast. I would hardly call them yachts. Some of them, obviously the handiwork of amateurs, back yard jobs, about as trim and shapely as the well-known American vessel that we used to anchor under the bed back on the farm. But I'll bet a sea-anchor and a couple of marlinspikes that the owners of these craft get as much pleasure, perhaps more real enjoyment from their "yachts" than the gilded gentry, their floating pent-houses.

No dazzling uniforms among the skip-pers of these proletarian rafts, but among the guests that barge down for a week-

end cruise, well that's all together different. With the gold braid and brass buttons that adorn them you could win the love of half the brownskinned charmers in the South Seas. And the damphool questions these naughtycul sophisticates can ask; ye Gods! It would make Popeye tear his hair and stomp on his cap. To these sea-goin' chislers a ha cha nautical wardrobe is the all important item in a sailor's sea-bag. Some folks think, too, that plenty of pressure on the horn of an automobile will take the place of brains behind the wheel.

Then there's young Freddie and his varnished sailing dinghy. Someone has told him, or perhaps he had read it in his Sea Scout Manual. (And by the way, for the tyro, young or old, there's more real, good scagoing info packed into this little book than can, sometimes, be found in several volumes of some salty literature.) A sailing vessel rates the right of way over a power vessel. This intrepid mariner, nonchalantly steers a course directly across the bow of a big steamer. He seems totally oblivious to the toots of horns and screeches of sirens as old grayheaded, weather-beaten liner skippers jerk frantically on whistle cords, alternately cursing the carelessness and praying for the safety of "them damned ginger-bread sailormen."

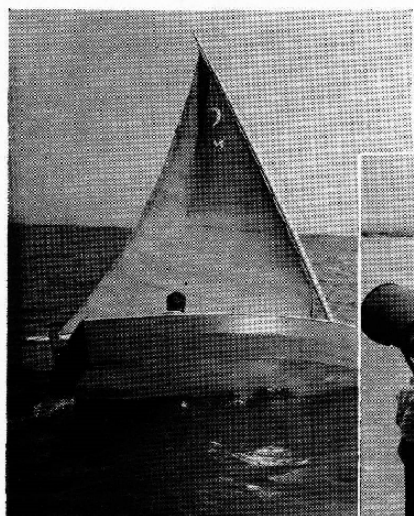
Our young yachtsman, thinking, perhaps, that these big ships are equipt with four-wheel hydraulic brakes,

doesn't realize that they will coast for a mile before stopping, and that she dare not leave her buoyed channel, whereas his little boat, drawing only a thimble full of water, can go anyplace in the harbour.

But on the other hand, these cursing, praying liner captains know that some of these little boat folks do some real sailing. They'll tell you that a few days spent aboard a small boat at sea will bring out what it takes; would strip from some of these self-styled moderns the thin film of so-called sophistication, to leave them naked and shivering, exposing their priggish ignorance and egotistical selfishness.—Ahoy there Mate! Hold everything. I seem to be getting philosophical; but small boat bugs often get that way.

Captain G. Allen Hancock, aboard his trim, compact *Velero III*, once made this remark:

"Give me a few days at sea aboard a small vessel, and I'll learn more about

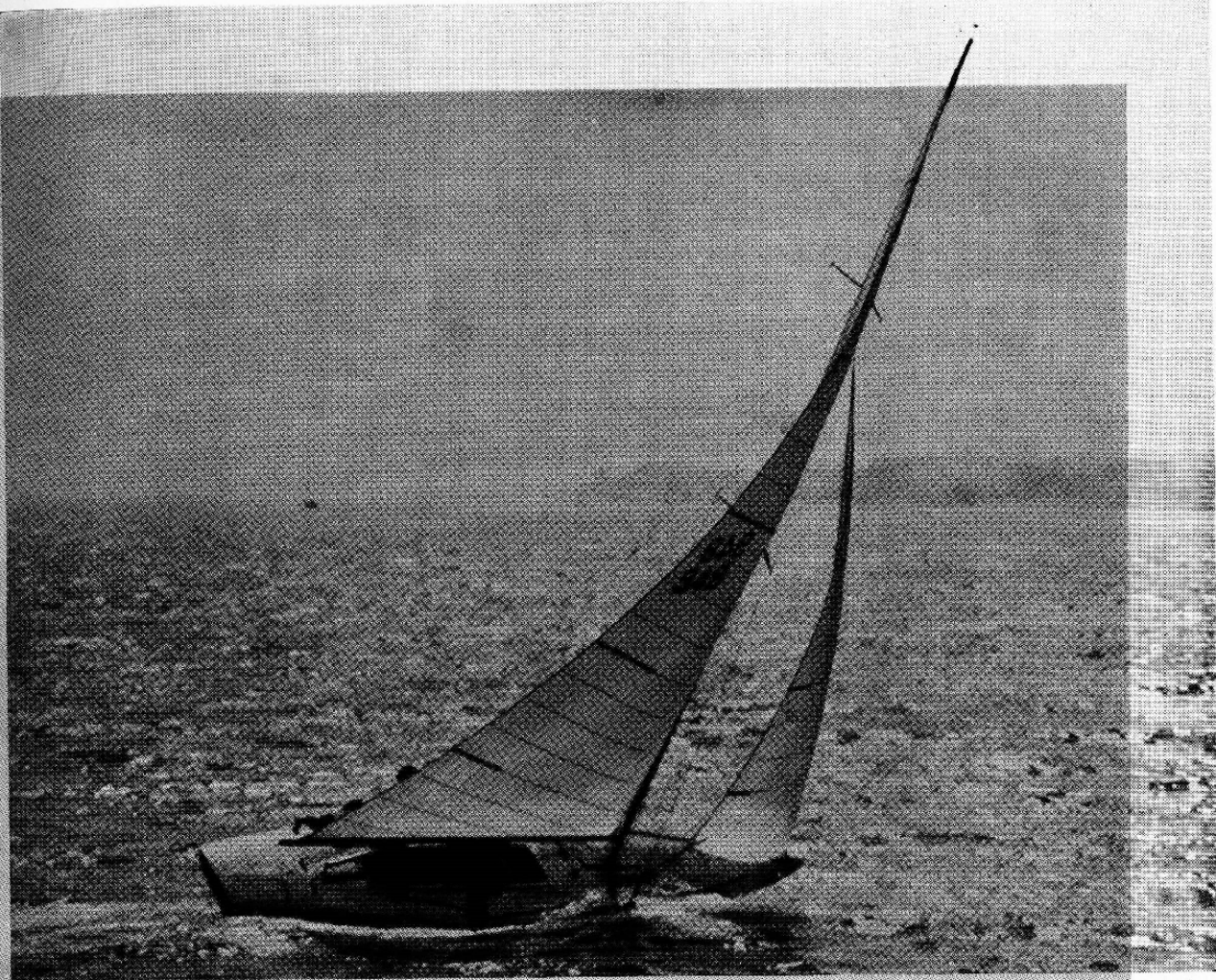


MOON BOAT 4



DR. AND MRS. NIELS MARTIN IN THE COCKPIT OF THEIR STAR BOAT. LEFT: START OF THE MOON BOATS





"THREE STAR TWO" OWNED BY GLENN WATERHOUSE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

—Earle O'Day Photos

my shipmates than I would in a lifetime of casual social and business contacts ashore."

One day I sat on a rough bunk in the tiny cabin of *Islander*, the 34-foot yawl that Harry Pidgeon built, and sailed single-handed on a four-year cruise, in which he sailed completely around the world. I asked Captain Pidgeon why he always sailed by himself. He replied:

"To tell the truth, I've never found anyone I could get along with confined in such close quarters for days, weeks and often months at sea, out of sight of land."

He, however, maintained that he likes to be around people, really enjoyed company ashore. In his book "Sailing Alone Around the World" Harry relates that. On

the longest leg of his voyage, when after leaving Panama he sailed for eighty-four days before he finally dropped anchor in the waters of Los Angeles harbour, two gannets flew aboard and took up their residence. One he named Blue Bill, the other Yellow Bill. He held much conversation with them, and, although, because their sanitary habits weren't so good, they made extra work, he enjoyed their company. He allowed them to stay as long as they wished, and when the weather became cooler and the flying fish scarce the birds flew away, he really missed them.

■ Our speedomaniacal ways have caused the commercial sailing vessel to become only a memory, *passé*. Even pleas-

ure seekers generally prefer speedy motorboats. But when you wish to forget it all, take a tip from me, go for a trip on a wind ship. Anyway, when old man trouble starts hounding me—and does this persistent fellow pass any of us by? Why even the pampered pomeranian in Madame's limousine has an occasional flea.—I crawl into my little ten-foot sail boat. With one hand on the tiller, the other gripping the mainsheet, I head out into the channel and start on a long beat to windward. Soon all else is forgotten as I thrill to the touch of the breeze on my cheek, the soft gurgle of the water slipping along underneath, the bellying of the sail to the wind. I pass close alongside of a beautiful cruiser, (Continued on Page 30)

# The case of the cursing saloon-keeper

By DON KERN

■ Music may have charms to soothe the savage breast, but the good citizens of North Carolina seem singularly insensible to those charms, as witness the Case of Brother Linkhaw, (Apéritif, April, 1936). And in *State v. Baldwin* (1 Dev. and Bat. 195) it was held no nuisance to curse and swear so loud at a saloon as to break up a singing school nearby.

In this particular *cause peu celebre*, the defendant, Baldwin, was described as "red-headed, irascible, pertinacious, and by occupation a tavern-keeper", and it was further declared that, though his guests were no mean breakers of the Third Commandment, Baldwin, like Abou ben Adhem, led all the rest.

It is always an improving mental exercise to read a syllabus, and then, closing the book, try to imagine the grounds on which the court placed its decision. For instance, in the Baldwin case, it might well have been that, in the opinion of the court, cursing and swearing was an ordinary and legitimate use of the saloon property, of which the owner could not lawfully be restrained. Or could it have been that the quality of the music had something to do with the decision? Poor singing, it must be admitted, can be as bad as profanity. Indeed, might it not have been that its inferior quality, grating on the cultured and sensitive ears of the frequenters of Mr. Baldwin's saloon, caused the profanity? Do not certain sounds of the gamut cause howling in dogs? Another point—was the singing religious or secular? Though, even if it was religious, no less an authority than Falstaff declared that he had ruined his voice by singing psalms.

After having submitted the case to such a thoughtful analysis, we open the book,

Coming:

The case of the Stubborn Clergyman,

which deals with the

Reverend

Alexander Heriot Mackonochie

and what do we find? Only how mistaken we have been, and how, save in the last conjecture, we have not even approached the real ground of decision. "The interruption of the singing school," says the learned decision, "cannot legally be pronounced an inconvenience to the whole community. The loss of instruction in the accomplishment, to those who would fain acquire it, does not gravely influence the good order or convenience or enjoyment of the citizens in general, so as to call for redress on the complaint of the State." Very sound law: if corporations have no souls, then the State has no ears. The decision continues: "If we sustain this as an indictment for a common nuisance, we shall be obliged to hold that whenever two or more persons talk loud, or curse, or quarrel, in the presence of others, it may be charged that this was done to the common nuisance, and if so found, will warrant punishment as for a crime." A very sound opinion—for where would we be led by such a pernicious doctrine? Why it would involve the abolition of Congress—a calamity at which every good citizen would stand aghast.

Yet both sides had their arguments. The prosecution brought forward a Pennsylvania case: *James vs. Commonwealth* (12 S.&R. 220), in which it was held that being a common scold was indictable. The connection between scolds and the Baldwin case is a bit vague, but the prosecution was having a difficult time finding authorities to cite. The defense was more successful, and triumphantly dragged out *State v. Jones* (9 Ired. 38) in which it was held that "cursing and swearing to a moderate and reasonable degree is not a nuisance", and the court could not be persuaded to be so harsh as to deem it a nuisance because the defendant Jones "did publicly curse and swear for the space of two hours."

■ When the attorney for the defense exultantly quoted this decision, the prosecutor knew that he had a lost cause on his hands, and the pertinacious saloonkeeper,

Baldwin, gave three rousing cheers which were promptly suppressed from the bench.

But the court had his own opinion about the matter and felt that there was a time and place for everything, even cursing and swearing. He said, "The persons disturbed are not represented as having been engaged in the performance of any public duty—as engaged in religious worship, attending an election, or at a court." Here, perhaps, was the flaw in the prosecutor's case: he should have proved that the singing school was practicing hymns.

In his reference to elections and courts, His Honor perhaps had in mind the case of *State v. Kirby* (1 Murphy, 254) in which an indictment was sustained which alleged that the defendant "swore several and divers oaths in the courtyard during the sitting of the court, to the great disturbance of the citizens attending said court." But the idea that citizens are peculiarly apt to be annoyed by profanity while attending a court or an election seems rather fanciful. That they may be more apt to be guilty of it at these times is admitted. Surely the law ought to be lenient toward human frailty, ought to consider the tremendous provocation to bad language offered by an unexpected nonsuit or the dereliction of a purchased voter. Such things go far toward excusing unpremeditated profanity. But the court could not be made to see this. Though the red-headed, irascible and pertinacious tavernkeeper, Baldwin, after having rifled a whole singing school with his cursing and swearing, walked out of court a free man; though Jones, after his magnificent two-hour orgy, was dismissed by an admiring court; poor Kirby's indictment was sustained. Did he break up a singing school? Did he exhibit the glorious staying powers of Jones? No. But he did show poor judgment in choosing the vicinity of a court to swear his "several and divers oaths" and the touchy court held him to answer. To me, the Kirby case clearly indicates that there is something rotten in the State of North Carolina.



#### CASE A

Sits slumped at desk at far end of long room, his back to large tall windows. Nothing he can do. Fidgets, decides he wants drink of water. Gets wearily to feet, shuffles to water cooler. As he lifts cup to his lips; catches glimpse of self in pier-glass, stops, jerks himself erect, sucks in stomach and chin, fumbles his Sam Brown belt into a more fetching position, raises water with a sweep, to his lips; gulps it in one swift draft. Crushes paper cup in his hand. Throws it at wastebasket. Misses. Suddenly strikes dramatic "Heil!" stance, arm violently upthrust, one knee out, scowling fiercely into mirror. His stare becomes even more intent, he bends closer toward the reflection, smooths at a hair which contrarily sticks straight out of his moustache. At that moment thinks he hears a sound outside the door. Darts nervously over to desk, seats himself. Clearing his throat hurriedly, composes self into an attitude of austere aloofness, . . . and awaits the new representatives of the Foreign Press.

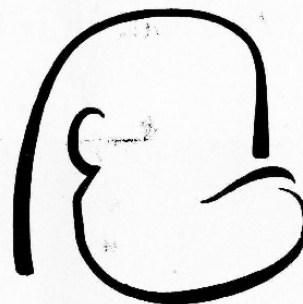
## LEADERS OF MANKIND--

Identified  
by Purely  
Imaginary  
Private  
Activities



#### CASE C

Stands alone, hands clasped behind his back, staring moodily down at top of large board table, in dusty, cold, grey, barnlike room. Dully notices fly crawling across the table. Almost by reflex action, he flicks out one hand and catches it. Then deliberately, still abstractedly, he sinks to a chair at the table. Gently holding fly between forefinger and thumb, he pulls out a drawer with his other hand, gropes 'till he finds a pin, then placidly skewers the fly to the tabletop. Gazing off into space, he serenely dismembers the fly—first plucking off one wing—then the other—then the legs, . . . as he slowly formulates a new Five Year Plan.

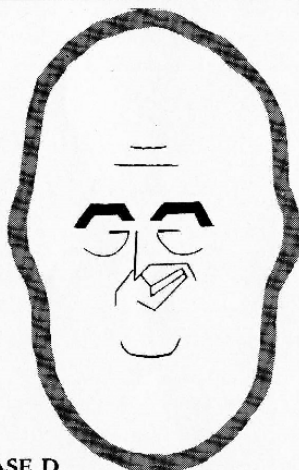


#### CASE B

Never looks in mirror. Couldn't possibly. Awakens suddenly in the middle of the night. Slightly bewildered for just a moment. Then abruptly sweeps his robe from a chair by the bed, arises, and with a grandiose gesture, wraps it about him like the toga of a Caesar. With chin and chest outthrust, bestowing jerky condescending nods right and left into the dark, he stalks majestically out, . . . to the bathroom.

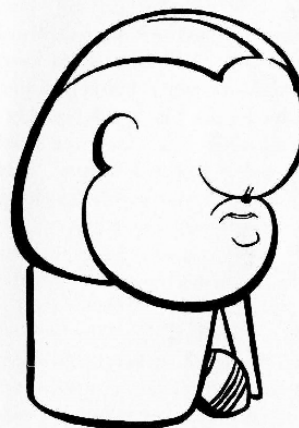
Page by

**Hildy**



#### CASE D

Spends spare time reading the "funnies." . . . Should worry.



#### CASE E

Spends spare time worrying. Should read the "funnies."



# New York Interlude

By BARBARA (New York) BOSTON

—Photos by Newspictures, N. Y.



MR. NICHOLAS PUTNAM AND MR. AND MRS. MARTIAL HOUSEZ AT THE STORK CLUB.

Hold your hats boys — here we go again!

■ If I could only make you see through my eyes *The Follies*, Billie Burke's 1936 Edition, you would hop the first plane and land on the roof of the Winter Garden—it is really *that* good. I was amazed—most musical shows are about the same. I was fully prepared to dislike Josephine Baker, having seen a newspaper picture of her a couple of years ago eating at a table with her pet pig, (and I don't mean human). It probably was a newspaper gag, but it gagged me instead. But she does as subtle and stimulating a job in the Follies, as could possibly be desired. Fannie Brice made me whoop with joy and is better than ever; Harriet Hocter does a dance called "Night Flight" sending the spirits sprinting to a new high. Gertrude Niessen was pretty punk; she sings too much and not well enough. I have never been a fan of hers, but in this particular edition she positively grated. Someone should show her the difference between handling a mike on the stage and on the radio. However—the rest of the show more than makes up the lack. *Words Without Music* is the hit tune, and the scene back-grounding it is ditto. Put it on

your list, for the show will still be running.

The past couple of weeks have been much like the last two days before Christmas. Easter having come and gone, there is a sudden whirl somewhat faster but not unlike a merry-go-round—occasionally you get the gold ring that gives added fun.

■ Easter night, people packed the Metropolitan Opera House to see Col. William de Basil's Ballet Russe—and it was an event! Jane Cowl was having an actress's holiday, spending the evening at the theatre. Blanche Yurka, looking very chaste in white chiffon—Alice Halicka (Mrs. Louis Kochanska), the artist—Cecil Beaton—Whitney Bourne, causing many admiring glances (she is very striking). Mrs. Oliver B. Jennings had Tonio Stewart, the actor, as her escort. No public announcement has been made, but it is pretty thoroughly understood and regretted by Isa and Ollie Jennings' friends that they have come to the parting of the ways. Gladys Cooper seemed fascinated by Mrs. Frances Robbins, who sat not far from her with two Easter lilies vertically placed in the Robbins' hair—an attempt to be unusual which seemed pretty gauche, and did not receive the desired approval.

Miss Cooper, on the other hand, in her simply cut gown looked very well. Philip Merivale who plays with her in *Call It a Day* was her escort. A bit of color was Elinor Schwartz who arrived with Morton Schwartz and Nino Lo Savios. The performance of the Ballet Russe De Monte Carlo was magnificent. The house was packed, not a vacant seat, and the hardier souls stood three deep.

One of New York's most attractive and sought after bachelors, Arthur Menken, has loaded up his cameras again and left for South Africa, where he will be the official photographer for the New York Zoological Expedition. His sparkling mother, Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken, gave a farewell cocktail party for him. It was fun, but I am sure many will be lots happier on his return two or three months from now.

Elinor Powell, star of *At Home Abroad*, who had suddenly to leave the show and go to a hospital, is Hollywood bound where she is going to play in *Born to Dance*.

■ Honey Johnson seems to keep two irons very hot in the fire—George Marshall, who is on the scene about town with her, and James Blakeley who is burning up the transcontinental phone wires. "To the victor, etc."—

Was amused by the guy who recently was alibiing his flop show by saying, "What with the elevator strikes, etc., what can you expect?" Whereupon his cynical listener replied "Where's it playing, in an elevator?"

The Park Lane has opened its new Garden Room. Pancho and his music are good, but the swank of the place has lessened greatly since the large front dining room was done away with to make a stable for the new Fords, Zephyrs, and Lincolns.

Saw Gary Cooper watching the opening of *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* at Radio City he is making a personal appearance and

(Continued on Page 20)

RIGHT: PHOTO SHOWS LEFT TO RIGHT: THE MISSES ADELAIDE BROWNLEE AND JANE WITHERSPOON AND MRS. VANDERLIP, HOLDING HER PET PERSIAN CAT, "JUBILEE GEORGE V. REX."

# Under the bed

By ORMOND DELMONT

■ I just come out from Under the Bed, where I spent the last six weeks in what might be gently termed A State of Bewilderment.

When I first realized where I was, only it turned out I *couldn't* tell where I was, I dashing dismissed the whole thing with a vibrant "Why of course! There's nothing to be frightened of! You're probably under your bed!" Believe me, it was a sighing relief to hear that.—But then Doubt assailed me. I *had* been wrong before. *Often*. Now that I considered it, I *usually* was! Suppose I was under someone *else's* bed? Suppose her husband should come in suddenly? I'd once heard of that happening! Then, as I manfully squirmed, trying to find any other explanation, I all at once wished I hadn't, wished I'd let things stand as they were,—for it had occurred to me that maybe I *wasn't* under a bed. *Anyone's* bed. If I *wasn't* under a bed, where was I? *Who* was I? *Was* I?

You can readily see how this rapidly ascending crescendo soon passed the range of human perception, and left me a taut mass of tensely quivering nerves. Face down in the billowing masses of pflug, strangling and gasping, hands tightly clenched under my chest, slowly simmering in my own sweat.—Then I swiftly bit off all my nails, down to the quick, very quietly, so I wouldn't be heard. This completely relaxed me, and I began to

think coolly and logically.—Obviously I didn't dare venture outside my cozy, protecting little cave. Who knew what Horrors might lie in wait in the vast unexplored regions out there? I might find myself in a hitherto entirely unknown Time and Place. Perhaps the Dimensions had got twisted! Maybe Space had warped?—I'd stay where I was! I was comfortable, except for the spots where I was numb from the floor. And The World had never seemed to especially like me, anyway. I lay there thinking deeply along those lines, and then I suppose I must have dozed off.

■ That was six weeks ago, and just now The Maid found me. She roused me out of a solid coma by fetching me a thumping whack on the noggin with a broomstick and growling (she has a coarse black mustache) "Come out of there! And no funny business, now! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Worrying people to death like that! Mr. Pond (that's The Hotel Manager) has the whole Police Force searching for you! He thot you'd skipped out without paying your rent!"

I had immediately scrambled from Under the Bed and stood there haughtily erect, very dignified, aloof and distant. I hadn't unqualifiedly approved of that rap on the pate, and I almost didn't care if she guessed it. But when she said that about The Police, I collapsed. I had also once heard of what The Police do to those who are the least bit hazy in answering questions. And particularly if they turn out to be innocent. So I screamed at her. I begged. I grovelled. I drooled. I prostrated myself and pled with her to *just* allow me a few moments to despatch a note to the outside world. In a Bottle, and throw it out of the window. So if anyone became curious about my disappearance and headed a search party to bring me back to Civilization, they might stumble upon it and maybe cut their foot. But she was unaffected.

She set her lips in a thin straight line, hissed "You may do as you please! But I intend to let people know you're found!" and with bulging eyes slowly backed out The Door and slammed it.

In one leap I had bolted it, flung myself at the desk, and started hammering this out.

\* \* \*

Isn't it wonderful how, in a time of direct stress, The Brain becomes a completely efficient and direct machine, and one suddenly perceives the answers to questions which have had one utterly vanquished over long periods of time? Questions apparently not having the least connection with the problem at hand?

For instance, some months ago I received a letter from a Donald Campbell Clendenning Plant. It was postmarked Chicago, and ended in approximately this way,—

"Flash!—Mayor Kelley closes "To-bacco Road!"

"Flesh! Minsky's!"

This left me at rather a loss as to how to retaliate. But thanks to this crisis, I now have the reply fully formulated,—

(Continued from the Plant)

Flash!—Chinese for fish, according to my old friend Dr. Lao, who once said "Clum aloud Fliday!"

Flosh!—Sound made by a very large mass of wet snow\* as it slips its moorings on the roof-slope and hits the sidewalk right behind you, searing the Hell out of you!

\*The Native Californian will please consult his Dictionary, lonely fellow.

Flush!—In "The Barretts of Wimpole Street", a spaniel.—In the purse, a condition rumored to have once existed in a dim distant age, usually referred to in song and story as The Boom Era. Probably without least basis in fact. Folklore. Legendary. In hunting, the result of pure awkwardness. Scaring the quarry into wild unpredictable flight. Even I know it's easier to "shoot 'em as they set".—In the bathroom,—hmmmm—, causing the perpetrator thereof to emerge therefrom and rejoin the group with its flaming namesake large upon his sheepish countenance.—In the dawning sky, entirely imaginary! Effect (Continued on Page 30)



TWENTY-  
ONE  
GUN

Salute!





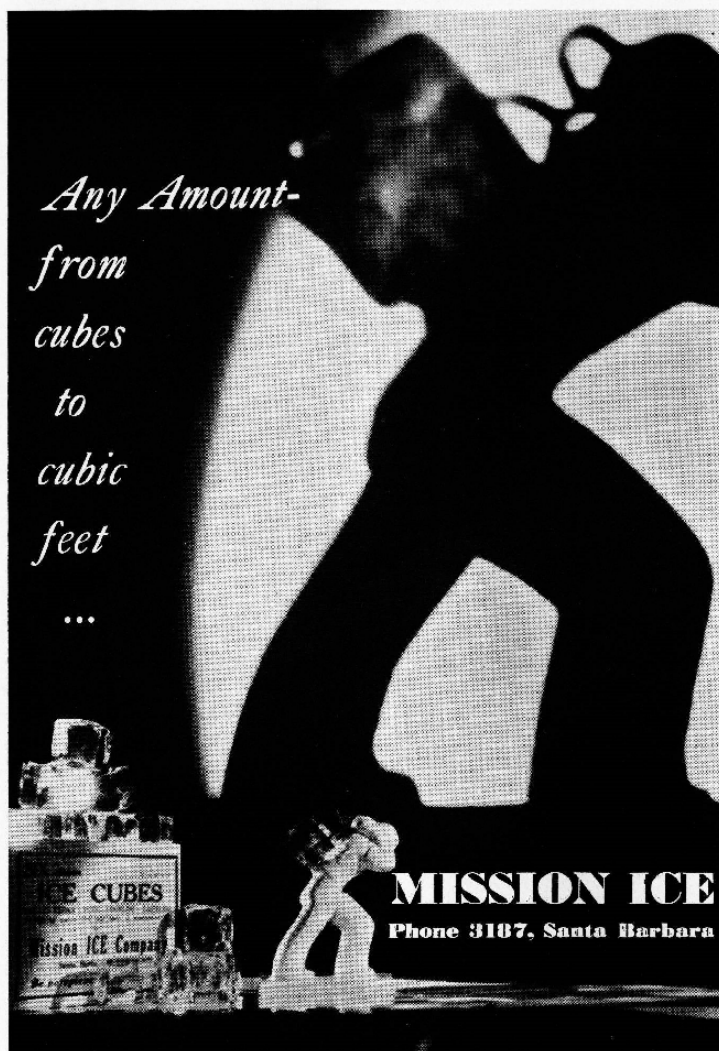


## Margaret Ettinger

Photoplay staffwriter (1916); MGM publicity staff (1923-27) Margaret Ettinger is the ace freelance publicist of Hollywood at this time. Her clients: Norma Shearer, Stuart Erwin, Frank Borzage, Brown Derby Restaurants, Technicolor Motion Picture Corporation. She is married to Ross Shattuck, advertising man. Last year the firm became Shattuck and Ettinger, Hollywood's outstanding combination.

## Edmund O. Hanson

One year ago, Hanson made news by taking office at midnight and firing the city hall. This year he beat both Santa Barbara newspapers and several civic organizations in a recall election against him and retaliated by recalling four of the opposition councilmen. By way of winding up the month, he stole the front pages from *La Guardia* at the convention of Mayors at San Francisco. Even good opponents must recognize such accomplishment.



## ADVERTISING

An example of what can be done with advertising copy: The work of Aperitif's technical staff (lower right) turns Mission Ice Company's usual copy (lower left) into an advertisement of strong visual appeal. The characteristic qualities of the advertised product are utilized in giving vitality and movement to the finished advertisement.

—Staged by Ben Schafer  
—Photographed by F. M. Nalley

*Be perspicacious - - -  
use Mission*

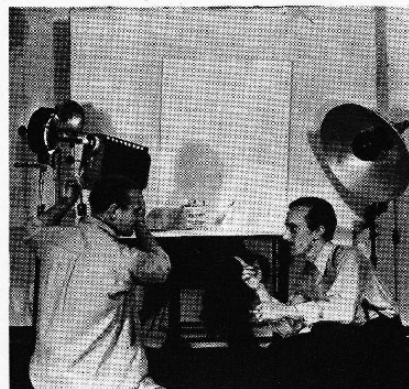
**ICE**

CONTRACT ICE REFRIGERATORS  
PACKAGED CUBES

Bottlers and Distributors of ARTESIA Water

Phone 3187, Santa Barbara

Platform Service at Canon Perdido and De La Vina Sts.





# DOG FIGHT ON CHAMPA ST.

ONCE upon a time, the late Mr. Bonfus, publisher of the *Denver Post*, rolled in upon his city staff in the early morning and delivered himself somewhat as follows: "A dog fight on Champa Street is worth ten European wars."

THIS seemed to us one of the more brilliant truths. But years passed and elapsed or whatever it might be that years do and nothing much was done about it, though it is recorded that two reporters attempted to move a dog fight from Cheyenne down to Denver on the morning milk train. By the time they got there, the dogs had made up. There was an European war or two but no staff member had any recollection of a dog fight in Champa Street. All in all things were pretty dull. So—

APERITIF was issued in October, 1934. Nobody paid much attention to it—except the staff. Two people phoned in to cancel subscriptions to *Vanity Fair*. We never found out why. The third month of publication we published a story by William Saroyan. The postoffice nearly barred us from the mails. Everybody said we ought to be ashamed. They all bought copies of the issue.

FROM then on things got better. We covered yachting and society and weddings. We printed a gallery of the worst criminals and the best society that Santa Barbara produced. Social leaders sneered at our social choices and leading criminals denounced our candidates as petty porch climbers. We nearly got sued. People said we were terrible. And went on reading our magazine.

AND all the time we were covering such subjects as the love life of black widow spiders and Aimee's cottage at Carmel, we were vaguely aware of an urge to produce something bigger and better. An ideal magazine with just a touch of being a mammoth production. But we couldn't think of a reason.

AND then we were sitting here trying to decide whether to take up polo or give up polo and we suddenly remembered—the dog fight on Champa Street!

IT seemed a pretty nasty situation to us. If a dog fight developed on Champa Street would APERITIF's correspondent be there? Would the wires be hot with "Rover Nips Self in Surprise Move?" Obviously not, as APERITIF had no undercover man on Champa Street.

BUT it's all changed now. From now on APERITIF is covered, protected and circulated in eleven western states. We cover the waterfront where Max Miller left off. For information on the Fourth at Santa Anita, read APERITIF six months in advance. We know your army names and your hotel names and who owes you money and vice versa. And we make more noise about it than six Hawaiians imitating Joe Cook. Sometimes in a spirit of whimsy we print excerpts from your personal files. Crystal gazers read APERITIF for information. We even know what a Democratic Congress will do. . . .

AND as for Denver, or anywhere else, APERITIF has the best staff of dog fight correspondents in the world. These able, trained writers bring you the latest news direct from the curbstone and practically bite by bite. If there's ever a dog fight in Champa Street, APERITIF will be there. We'll probably be in it.





MR. TOMMY WANAMAKER



TOP: CHARLES THORSON AND PATRICIA MINES AT THE SPINSTER'S NEWSPAPER BALL AS VELOZ AND YOLANDA

LOWER: AFTER THE CEREMONY AT THE BROOK'S WEDDING: LEFT TO RIGHT: ROBERT HEASLEY, WALTER BROOKS III, MRS. BROOKS (THE FORMER JACQUELINE WELLS), MISS FLORENCE ORTMAN, MISS GWYNNE PICKFORD

## Babblings

By THE BRAT

■ When a certain striking blonde matron left not long ago for the east wagging tongues would have it that she was shooting for a star in the Vanderbilt constellation, the Vanderbilt in question having a well known propensity toward blondes. That she is now back with her husband whose popularity has been fanned by winds of sympathy, and all is seemingly milk and honey, puts a rather dead end to the rumored romance and young Vanderbilt's current blonde is Ida Lupino of movie fame.

■ The long billed bird is at last hovering over the Park Avenue apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Scarritt, and looks as though he may alight in time for their tenth wedding anniversary in August. Mrs.

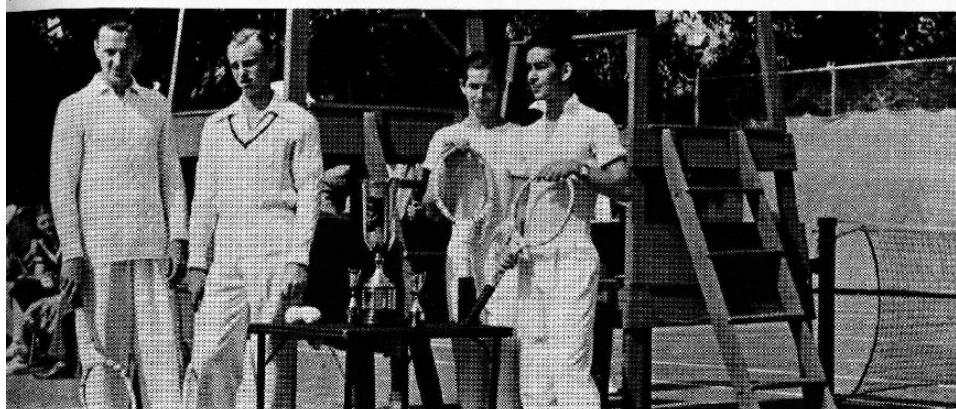
Scarritt you will remember is the former E. C. Poore and was considered one of Montecito's real beauties. Horace was one of the few bright boys on Wall Street whose meteoric career gathered fresh momentum when he sold short in nineteen twenty-nine, and so was able to add still more sapphires to E. C.'s enviable collection. Could it be that Bijou being her pet name for Horace is a subtle form of suggestion?

And speaking of the long billed bird makes me think I hear the rustle of wings over the Harwood White menage where he has been seen in the habit of calling at fairly frequent intervals this past decade.

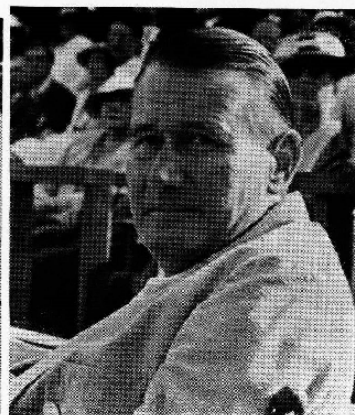
■ Reno bound is Muriel Vanderbilt Church Phelps who will not be an ab-

solute stranger in the little Nevada altering place. The fact that they have been getting on like strange bull dogs for the past two years does not keep Muriel from maintaining how very friendly the whole affair is going to be.

■ Did the absence of Mrs. Lionel Atwill at the wedding of her son Walter Brooks III to pretty Jacqueline Wells mean that the daughter of the late E. T. Stotesbury did not beam upon her son's choice of a bride from the screen rather than vere de vere Baltimore or Philadelphia circles from whence he sprang? Her own marriage to Lionel Atwill would not attest to such a frame of mind and that Atwill's earnings are said to have come in handy when the Stotesbury millions began to



HENRY CULLEY, JOE HUNT, DOD RIGGS, WAYNE SABIN TAKEN BEFORE THE FINALS OF THE MEN'S DOUBLES AT THE SANTA BARBARA BILTMORE. RIGGS AND SABIN WON.



MR. WILLIAM SLATEN

diminish should not be conducive to snubbing the lucrative picture industry or biting the feeding hand as it were.

■ Mr. David Coolidge is off to Europe to visit his daughter who after many marriages has resumed her maiden name of Constance Coolidge. Constance has friends from California to Shanghai both ways and never stays long enough in any one place to bore or be bored. Although her glamour has diminished somewhat along with husbands, titles and fortunes she has missed little and it was a glorious time while they lasted.

■ Mrs. Francis X. Shields' resemblance to her husband is startling but he might learn a lesson from her exceedingly well groomed appearance.

■ Noticeably present among those attending the Pacific Coast Men's Doubles Tournament at the Santa Barbara Biltmore were Tommy Wanamaker, Mildred Kelleher, Mrs. James Bodrero, Geraldine Dabney, Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott Warner (the former Marjorie Davis), Mr. and Mrs. William Slater Jr., Mrs. Slater Sr., Michael Bartlett, Jimmie Burns, Sabin Carr, and Mrs. Ronald Kirkbride.

■ Ronnie Kirkbride who for the past two years has been connected with Story has recently given up that position to take over the publishing of Sports Illustrated and American Golfer. He is so busy with re-organization, radio programmes and a number of things he will

not be able to join his attractive wife in Montecito until some time in August.

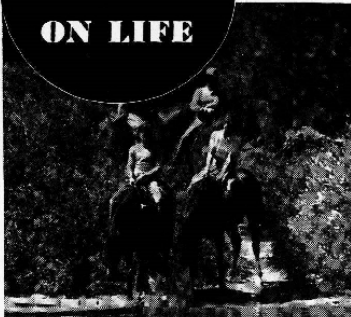
■ Ned Burke will not summer in Montecito, but work in a New York bank instead. My predictions of a year ago still look sound although no announcement of an engagement between handsome Ned and plump but pleasing Le Brun Rhineland has yet been made public.

■ Should one tell all to her future husband? Then Elizabeth Drexel Lehr need only present to Lord Decies an autographed edition of King Lehr and the Gilded Age. And he can hope the lady will not prepare a sequel. It might be well to profit by the mistakes of his hapless predecessors in case he has been keeping a diary.

AT THE SPINSTER'S NEWSPAPER BALL: UPPER LEFT: MR. AND MRS. RAY DODGE AS SHIRLEY TEMPLE AND THE EX-KENTUCKY COLONEL; UPPER RIGHT: DAISY PARSONS AS THE LADY IN RED; LOWER: LEIGH BATTSON AS SOCIETY REPORTER; NO. 8 IS ANDY DEVINE.



**A  
NEW LEASE  
ON LIFE**



refreshing, pine-toned air  
**Lake Arrowhead**

Lift your spirits above the clouds—to mile-high Lake Arrowhead, where sky-blue waters sparkle in the summer sun, and splendid mountains are the ideal background for carefree vacation days. Golf, tennis, riding, swimming, boating, skeet, badminton. Ideal for children. The whole family will flourish on this carefree life.

### NORTH SHORE Tavern

John Walton Green  
Resident Manager

### The Lodge

M. E. (Don) Olsen  
Resident Manager

Preferred by guests of fastidious taste, for their fine appointments and incomparable service and cuisine. American or European Plan.

Send For New Lake Arrowhead Folder

## LAKE ARROWHEAD

heart of the 597,000 acres  
San Bernardino National Forest.

C A L I F O R N I A

2½ hours from Los Angeles  
SCENIC high gear state highway

## Mexico City Inn

SANTA BARBARA  
Home of the

Delicious Mexican-Spanish Dishes  
Enchiladas - Tamales - Chili Con Carne, etc.

Try Our Real Mexican-Spanish

ENCHILADA  
DINNER

40c

SPANISH  
DINNER

75c

Leading Brands of Popular Beers Served  
609 Chapala St., Nr. Cota St.  
Phone 24677 For Home Catering Service.

## New York Interlude

(Continued from page 12)

had snuck up in the balcony to get a talking picture of himself.

What's this we hear about Major Bowes and Mary Garden? Maybe she is finding this a short cut to his amateur hour.

■ *On Your Toes* is supposed to have Jock Whitney as one of its angels. If the reception the opening night audience gave it is any indication he may recoup some of the shekels he has supposedly sunk in Technicolor.

Ray Bolger and Tamara Geva steal the show. *On Your Toes* is very funny and amusing. As usual, the weak spots will be fed Cod Liver Oil and take on a less anaemic color now that the first night is past. Bolger takes the part of a school teacher whose ancestors for a couple of generations were hoofers. Well, anyway, he works his way up from a start as Nubian slave in a Russian Ballet—the plot goes round and round, but sustains the interest. He must have the constitution of a Nubian to do the breath taking routine he goes through. Luella Gear does very nicely—she is a born funny-bone-batter and helps keep things going. Liked the slightly risqué song *Too Good for the Average Man* also *It's Got to be Love*. Paste these in your hat too.

We turned our faces East and ended at Sherman Billingsley's swell Stork Club. The night was Thursday, and one of Marion Cooley's dinner dance series. She is so well liked and charming, her friends turn out by the score, and one is always sure of a festive evening when she is M. C'ing. She has been quite ill but is recovered now and looked more chic than ever.

■ Nick (Park Avenue) Putnam, who has recently returned from California, went with us. He has a nice tan, and as the accompanying picture will attest, if your eyesight is good, looks very well in his black tie. Mr. and Mrs. Martial Housez gave a large party and attracted the approving eyes of the multitude.

Teddy Lynch, having just completed a most successful singing contract, was in attendance. She has left for the West with Betzie Beaton who you will probably remember in re- (Continued on Page 22)

"One enjoys an unusual sense of well-being and privacy at The Town House"—A GUEST



## The Town House

ON WILSHIRE  
LOS ANGELES



Hotel rooms from 6.00  
Suites from 12.50

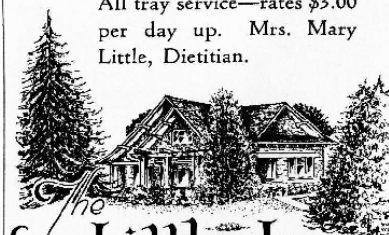
## Would you like a REST?

### Take Time to Prevent Illness

The public is invited to inspect my new

### ELECTRIC DIET KITCHEN

All tray service—rates \$3.00 per day up. Mrs. Mary Little, Dietitian.



## Little Inn

NEAR THE COTTAGE HOSPITAL

Phone 6965

2403 Castillo St., Santa Barbara



# San Francisco News-Letter

—Stack Pole



SAN FRANCISCO BAY BRIDGE WORKERS

■ It was a big day, the last section of the cantilever was to go into place. You may talk about the greatness of the San Francisco side of the bay bridge but those who know will tell you that the cantilever is the big engineering job and it's the one to point to and say: "That's really something".

Over a half of a mile of open water they have built these arms of steel out over the water they reach day by day, piece by piece they come nearer and nearer, a job of almost microscopic exactness. They must fit exactly to the hundredth of an inch. Then the other day these arms of steel joined. It was a big story. Newsmen crawling all over the bridge to get shots as the last length was lowered into place. The eye bar shot home joining San Francisco and Oakland. All was fine. The boys went home with a goodly story and some swell pictures. Two days later, on the pilings below the cantilever, a crew of men were working, there were ten of them, they were stripping the last lumber from the pilings. Overhead you could see the antlike figures of the steel men on the red bridge, the incessant banging of riveters filled the air, while below the water seemed peacefully quiet. It won't be long now and we'll drive over you and you will be just another piece of scenery.

"You know Joe, I don't mind you when you smoke that loco weed in your pipe but when you smoke those cigars you get in North Beach, I just got to do something and tell

Ya." But it wasn't Joe's North Beach importation that was the offender. Someone shouted: "Fire, the pilings are burning!" There was confusion, the gang boss jumped into a boat with two men and made for the nearby island. Nice guy. There were the rest a half of a mile from shore, on boat, and a fire raging on the piling. And when I say fire, I don't mean any boy scout one for those piles were dipped in creosote and when they burnt they made a merry crackle and gave off a dense blinding black smoke that rose and enveloped the bridge. In the city it was whispered, "the bridge is on fire—look" and one could see the smoke columns rising. "The bridge is on fire!" Down at the docks, the fireboat bestirred itself, and went steaming to the rescue. But what of our forgotten men. They were trying to do their best to stop the flames but their best was none too good, the heat was getting unbearable, the smoke choking and blinding the men. "How does the water look to you?" "In this heat, it looks kinder cool, but they say it's a little deep." "It's this damn smoke that bothers me even if they they do come, they won't be able to see us." The fire was gaining, it would soon encircle the whole pier and then the forgotten men—they had to do something and do something quick. With all hoses spouting water, the fireboat comes onto the scene and just at the right moment, the men were rescued. "Well, Joe, you sure started a big

smell with that cigar of yours." "Cigar, hell, that fire started from one of those hot rivets that somebody missed up top side." "Cigar, say you should be only able to smoke one of those."

"Yes, this is the Pan-American Airways." "No maam, the Clipper is not on fire." "Yes we know about it." "I know sir but there is nothing to worry about, it is safe at the Alameda air-base." "No sir it isn't in the Bay." "No." "No." "No." "No fire."

■ Over San Francisco she came, all four motors roaring. Eyes were to the skies. "Ain't that a sight?" "I wouldn't mind riding in that crate." "They say there is over four thousand applications for the first passenger flight." Some didn't even take their eyes off their feet as she roared over head. Some people never look up, it's a habit looking at their feet. On they walk, rushing, always in a hurry, always going someplace. Out over the Bay she flew, turned and came back over the city. We watched her, fascinated by this bird of the sky, suddenly from her right wing, came a cloud of white smoke, more smoke, "She's afire." Around she swung, low over the bay towards the air-base, then out of sight, the white clouds streaming after her. A thousand thoughts raced through my mind. There was a feeling of emptiness in my stomach. It could not be true. One minute this powerful thing of man's creation, the next minute a twisted bit of burnt wreckage at the bottom of the Bay. This could not be, yet she had just burst into smoke before my eyes and what had happened after she went out of sight, I could only surmise.

I needed a haircut. So to the barber, I went. I was a little glum when I sat down in the chair. "Well, Mr. Pete," Frank said, "You look as if you lost it all on the last race at Bay Meadows." "No Frank," I said, "I just saw the Clipper go up in smoke." "What you saw the—" and Frank turned to a man who was being given the once over in the next chair. "Mr. Kennedy," he said, "Is that true?" "No, they've been ringing us up all afternoon. It wasn't a fire. They were testing the water ballast in the wings and

(Continued on Next Page)

## Eastman's Newest!

16 mm.

## MAGAZINE CINÉ KODAK

Loads in 3 seconds.  
A real movie camera  
in pocket size.

WM. A. EVANS

The **CAMERA SHOP**  
Phone 24377 800 State St.

## Particular About Your Dainty Things?



*This Laundry is too!*  
Dainty and fragile undies—table linens  
—guest towels all receive the same  
thorough, gentle care.

**DRY CLEANING**  
*We Own Our Own Plant.*  
**PACIFIC LAUNDRY**  
110 State Street. Phone 3984.

**KARL OBERT**  
PHOTOGRAPHER  
NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL  
REPUTATION

All kinds of photographic work. We specialize in—

- House and Garden Pictures.
- Horses and other animals.
- Pictorial Pictures. Prize Winners of many countries.

Studio: 536 Bath St.  
Santa Barbara, Calif.  
Phone 21608

## ANDERSON QUALITY

*Leica*  
finishing

CAMERAS—FILM SUPPLIES

Quality Developing, Printing,  
Enlarging.

FRED G. ANDERSON  
PHOTO SERVICE  
1031 State Street, Santa Barbara, Calif.

TEL. 96 461

## MONTECITO CLEANERS AND DYERS

Prompt and Efficient Service

1118 Coast Highway

Distance is no barrier  
to the happiness that  
flowers can give.

You can order flowers  
at Gleaves delivered  
anywhere in the world  
by telegraph.

Phone 28107

**GLEAVES FLOWER SHOP**  
918 State Street Santa Barbara

## BEWARE OF the "Amateur Doctor"

You may enjoy amateurs on the radio. But beware of them in the role of Family Physician. Look out for those folks who are forever saying, "Have you tried . . ." or "I know just the thing for that." Believe us, they're bad medicine!

When you are ill, visit or call a competent medical practitioner. Heed his counsel, and exercise care in having his prescriptions filled. Entrust them only to an establishment that specializes in careful compounding from fresh, potent drugs. Yes, this is such a store.

THE  
**FEDERAL DRUG CO.**



when they let go, it looks like smoke." Frank turned to me and in a hushed voice said, "That's Mr. Kennedy of Pan American Airways, he knows."

They call it a strike. Some call it a lock-out. Some a labor dispute. All in all it was a very peaceable affair. Most of the fighting was verbal. Gone were the pickets, the line of police, the rock throwing and the blood shed, the numerous boats tied out in the Bay. It all started with the Grace liner, Santa Rosa, who had a non-union crew aboard. So claimed the Unions. She docked, the longshoremen refused to unload her. Then the fire-works started. This was just what the shippers were waiting for. They said that the longshoremen by refusing to unload this ship had violated their agreement of last year, and therefore it was ended. No more union controlled hiring halls. These were a thorn in the side of the shippers. Hereafter, if the longshoremen wanted work, they could come down to the docks and the shipping companies would hire them there. But no longshoremen went to the docks to get work. Headlines screamed "Waterfront strike." The men were willing to work if they were hired from the hiring halls but as there were no ships in the harbor, there was no work, consequently no strike. Both sides showed extreme caution in this dispute. They had the experience—costly experience of last summer. The shippers diverted boats to other ports and the longshoremen kept pickets off the docks and the police wisely kept themselves at the Hall of Justice.

San Francisco was in a jitter. The last little dispute was still fresh in everyone's mind. What's happening on the Waterfront. Do you think it is going to be bad. Your guess is as good as mine, said a shipper to me, we know as much as you do as to what is going on down there. Anything can happen. That guy Bridges is an alien, grumbled the Examiner, all the trimmings of another big strike. We must be sane, commented the Chronicle. The Western Worker hawked at the door of the I. L. A. headquarters "We speak the truth." In stepped Judge Sloss, soundly rapped both sides on the knuckle and settled the dispute. The shippers won a point, there will be no stoppage of work because of disputes or job action and no refusal to handle hot cargo. The unions won a point that their hiring halls got absolute recognition. San Francisco's port was empty and once again San Francisco held the bag.

## New York interlude

(Continued from page 20)

cent musical comedy hits as the gorgeous blonde who takes her shoes off and generally startles the public to audible gasps by lying flat on the stage at times—or by just sitting down. Teddy assured me it was merely a pleasure jaunt, but I'll bet you a Roosevelt plank she ends up with a sizeable contract and will probably do a turn at the Troc or Casanova if the town is on its toes. Leonard Sillman is gnashing his beautiful white teeth with rage at their departure. His latest edition of *New Faces* is scheduled to open soon, and I am confident Gypsy Lee Rose, etc., will not be able to attract the crowds Teddy did last year. To get back to our scene of action—i.e. the Stork Club—Aurelie Murchison was looking a little plumper but happy with her fiancé Baron Eduard de Wardner. Edmund Lowe and his recently acquired bride, Rita Kaufman, seemed to be enjoying themselves. James Donahue, (not Countess von Haugwitz—Barbara Hutton) was there. He is lots of fun. Adelaide Moffat had quite a time getting a table. She is just back from the South and had a very dark tan. Her sister Peggy, Mrs. Jay Carlisle Jr. was with another group. Ham Fisher, cartoonist, Britton Bush, Mrs. George Pynchon who was Kay Brown, Bobby Duryea, Tippy Phillips, Louis Ehret, Dolly Warren, Delafield Du Bois, and the Morgan Belmonts were also in evidence. We stayed very late and things were still going strong.—Hope Nat Brandwyne will continue to have his elegant orchestra there for years and years. Mr. Stork has recently dropped another daughter on Sherman Billingsley.

Sheila Barrett loped in for a night cap. She has just finished a

most successful engagement at the Rainbow Room and won the honor of being the best dressed in the theatre in the annual spring awards of the Fashion Academy.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, of whom little has been heard of late, is reported to have asked a guy at a club which is a musician's hang-out, "Are you a musician?"—to which he came back with, "No, this is the way I always comb my hair!"

Condé Nast gave a cocktail party the other afternoon for Cecil Beaton. It was a great success, as are all his parties. Mr. Beaton, who you probably are aware is one of the foremost photographers today—George Hurrell still tops them all in my estimation, but Beaton is good—he looks like a grown-up edition of Freddie Bartholomew. He is going to England for a short stay, returning to our shores on the maiden voyage of the *Queen Mary*. Tommy Phipps, much publicized son of Mrs. "Lefty" Flynn and nephew of Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, and Lady Astor was present. The latter busy aunt is to write her memoirs and Tommy may help her. If the movies take it up, I suppose he will play the lead. If he doesn't, there will probably be much noise about it from his family.

■ Major and Mrs. Phillips Magor (say it fast) of Santa Barbara, are at the Ritz-Carlton for the time being.

Rosalie Stewart reluctantly left on the Century for Hollywood this week. We are sorry her vacation in the East was saddened by the death of her old friend Marilyn Miller—they had been close for sixteen years. Kelly Anthony has no

(Continued on Page 29)

## LOUIS MARCUS CUSTOM TAILOR

19 E. Canon Perdido

Tel. 27413

MONTECITO

RANCHES

**A. P. ARDINGHE**  
REAL ESTATE

Telephone 24233

9 E. Canon Perdido St.  
Santa Barbara, California

## Portrait of a lonely women

(Continued from page 7)

she said. "They get the early morning sun."

He followed behind her and she opened the door to the guest room. And although it was completely and tastefully furnished, it had a barren look. It looked like a room unlivd in. The chairs were too primly spaced, the shades too evenly drawn. One of its doors opened into the bathroom and through this she led the way into the next room, which was her bedroom.

"This is where I sleep," she said. And her eyes, as they met his, were a direct challenge.

Scent odors still clung about the dressing-table. And from the bathroom warm soap-and-steam odors still hung in the air and floated out to them as they stood there. Through an open french window he caught sight of one corner of an iron-grilled balcony. To one side of the room five windows made a built-in window seat and this was covered with flowered cretonne of a glazed surface and several cushions of leather in bright colors. The furniture was bright maple the bed a four-poster, and wide. On a gate-leg table lamplight flooded over bright-jacketed magazines, and over a tall crystal vase filled with water through which showed the magnified long stems of red-and-white peonies, recently plucked. On a shelf that stood directly above the spinet desk were two rows of books in varicolored bindings and these the young man gazed at longingly.

"It's a charming room," he said.

She smiled. A slow, forced smile and somewhat bitter, it seemed. "But lonely," she added. Her voice was low.

■ The young man for a period said nothing. He peered out onto the balcony but it was all darkness, so he had to turn his attention again to the room. And to her.

"Sometimes," she continued, "It's very lonely."

This time he did not try to avoid her gaze. He stared back at her; and his own gaze, it seemed, was a trifle impatient.

"All this will change after you get away from here," he said. His voice still sounded cheery, still optimistic; and this very fact seemed to irritate her.

"It is evident that you yourself know nothing of loneliness," she

said. Her eyes were watching him closely as she spoke. "And I do hope," she added, "that you never will."

The young man laughed uneasily. "I'm not the type that grows lonely. I'm always far too busy."

He saw her eyes wandering toward a framed photograph as he spoke.

"Of course having lost a loved one makes a difference, I know," he hastened to make amends. "Only time, I suppose, can alter that."

"Time," she said. Her voice sounded weary and vague. It was as if she had said "Eternity."

"Are you afraid to be here alone at night?" he asked.

"No. I am not afraid." As she spoke she reached a hand into the top drawer of the chest of drawers that stood there beside them and drew forth a revolver. She ran long, bony fingers along the smoothness of its blue steel barrel. "I have this," she said, "In case of burglars."

"That's fine. I hope you have never had occasion to use it?"

She smiled again. Slowly. "Not for burglars," she said. Her eyes, since she had been looking at the gun, had grown suddenly bright. "But sometimes—" Her gaze wandered toward the four-poster bed and stopped there. "Nights—" she said. And two tears fell and glistened on the surface of her black satin dress.

■ The young man was impressed. He came over to her and removed the gun from her hand. He dropped it inside the drawer and closed it shut and turned her back to it.

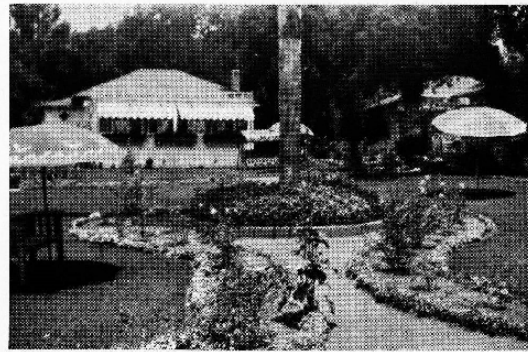
"You mustn't allow yourself to have such thoughts," he said. "Life's too sweet." He patted her gently as he spoke. On her bare arm.

"You don't know. You can't imagine—" She was sobbing now. She turned toward him. She didn't want him to see the misery in her eyes. She buried her face on his shoulder.

"Yes, I can. I know." He continued to pat her. His voice went on, soothing her. He did not seem conscious of what he was saying. He merely talked, trying to divert her attention, to comfort her.

"Why, Mrs. York, you're still young yet. Life has so many things to offer you."

(Continued on Page 26)



SIAMASIA  
MONTECITO

Cottage Hotel  
Central Dining Room  
Informal Garden

1-2-3 Room Cottages -- Phone 92378 -- Reasonable Rates

BRANDIES - WINES - LIQUORS

Imported and Nationally Known Brands at Reasonable Prices

EL CAMINO  
PHARMACY

1145 COAST HIGHWAY

Prescriptions Filled Until 10 p.m. Phone 92111.

Helena Rubinstein's Toilet Preparations.  
Alexandre de Markoff Facial Preparations.  
Guerlain's Perfumes - Channel's Perfumes.

H. FRENCH

*Maker of Distinctive Gowns*

Tailoring

Wedding Gowns

Formerly: Studio of 19 E. Canon Perdido

Now 2603 Hollister Avenue

Ph. 26444

**SUPER BULK WINE SPECIAL**



Try the LATEST ADDITION to our large Assortment of REAL PURE OLD WINES, featuring the ARISTOCRAT of all dry wines.

"From Barrel to You"

**Rose Sauterne**

The Only Dry Wine with 21% STRENGTH Usable for All Occasions. Reasonably Priced.

A Complete Line of Fine Liquors—"Old" Malaga Port, Muscatel and Sherry



# LEICA THIS—AND

By L. L. HUGO



## SANTA BARBARA BILTMORE

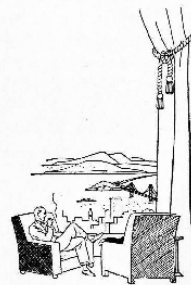
Hotel and Bungalows

CALIFORNIA'S FINEST RESORT

Tea Dancing Every Afternoon  
During Season



★★★★ **EVERYONE**  
SEEKING A HOTEL IN  
**SAN FRANCISCO** AT  
WHICH TO STOP—OR  
IN WHICH TO LIVE—  
SHOULD **LOOK FIRST** AT  
THE **NEW FAIRMONT**  
NO OTHER HOTEL IN THE  
WEST CAN OFFER SUCH  
LARGE LUXURIOUSLY  
FURNISHED ROOMS AT  
**SO REASONABLE A**  
COST.



*Fairmont*  
HOTEL  
SAN FRANCISCO



GEORGE D. SMITH,  
Manager

★ All the old cultural distinction of the famous FAIRMONT atop Nob Hill pervades its newer popularity. Smart Night life in the clever Circus Lounge adds sparkle to tradition. Spacious, marine-view rooms gain refreshing charm from modern decoration. Rates \$3.50 up.

*You are cordially invited to inspect the Fairmont. Only 3 minutes from shops and theaters; garage within the building.*

Southern California Representative: Glen Fawcett, 510 W. 6th St., Los Angeles.

# LEICA THAT

READING COMIC-STRIPWISE: 1. CHARLES TESKE AND RUTH FORBES PAYNE IN KATHERINE SCHROEDER BALLET; 2. MR. AND MRS. HENRY ULLMAN, MRS. RICHARD EVANS; 3. BALI BOLERO AT THE RED BARN; 4. ROGER EDENS, MRS. GALT BELL AT THE RED BARN; 5. MRS. JESSE WAKE-LING PUTNAM, MR. AND MRS. ROSS CLARKE AT SPINSTER'S PARTY; 6. MRS. JOHN BREEDEN, MR.

CRAWFORD BARRY, MRS. FREDERICK McNEER; 7. MISS PEGGY CARR, MR. JAMES BURNES, MR. SPAULDING, MRS. RONALD KIRKBRIDE; 8. TOMMY WONDER AT THE RED BARN; 9. MRS. GERALDINE DABNEY; 10. MISS RUTH AUSTIN, MR. BYINGTON FORD, MRS. WILLIAM BENSBERG; 11. FINALE, KATHERINE SCHROEDER BALLET.



## EL MIRASOL HOTEL

In the quiet residential district, yet only four blocks from shops and theatres, El Mirasol is truly a garden spot in "The flower of the sun."

Here you may live in your own bungalow, readily adapted to any arrangement of suites desired—from a single room with bath to several rooms, affording every refinement that the most fastidious expect in their own homes.

El Mirasol meals are an outstanding feature, which are served either in the Dining Room of the Main Building or in your own private suite.

To those who know California, Santa Barbara is California in its most glorified and colorful aspects. El Mirasol, set in its own garden of flowers, commands a glorious view of the Santa Ynez Mountains and affords that restful beauty often desired but rarely found.

Start at \$10 single, \$18 double, per day  
American Plan

Richard L. Helmer, Resident Manager

FLOWER OF THE SUN

SANTA BARBARA  
CALIFORNIA



## B A B K A HAND-MADE HATS

... fashioned of your own  
fabrics.

... designed by one who  
understands tweed fabrics  
... Mrs. Babka.

Anacapa Entrance  
E L P A S E O Ladies Tailor and Furrier

## Art and Frame Shop

135 E. Carrillo St.

Phone 24606

Santa Barbara

Fine Craftsmanship in  
PICTURE FRAMING

by

REGINALD OAKLEY, Manager

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

Exhibits by Local Artists in the Little Gallery

## ARROWHEAD SPRING WATER

From the Famous Arrowhead Springs

CALIFORNIA'S FINEST DRINKING WATER

brought direct to you in glass bottles and distributed through  
a local owned and operated daily delivery service.

L. J. BARTELL, Distributor

ORDER  
YOURS  
TODAY  
WITH

The New Arrowhead  
HYDRO-COOLER

Keeps Your Water Fresh,  
Cool and Sanitary

PHONE  
3434  
DAY OR  
NIGHT

PURITAS DISTILLED DRINKING WATER

**VISITORS** are cordially invited to the Christian Science  
Reading Room, 9 La Arcada Building.

**THE BIBLE** "Science and Health with Key to the Scrip-  
tures," by Mary Baker Eddy, and all author-  
ized Christian Science literature may be read, borrowed, or  
purchased.

**HOURS:** Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.  
Sunday afternoons 2 to 5 o'clock.

## Portrait of a lonely woman

(Continued from page 23)

She sobbed.

"And Mr. York— He wouldn't like to have you grieving like this. He'd want you to be happy. You must get hold of yourself. Go out more. Cultivate new acquaintances. See more of your friends."

"Friends?"

"Surely you have friends?"

"Yes," she said. "I have friends." With her fingertips she brushed at a tear. "Of course I have friends," she repeated. But she was no longer hearing what he said. She was looking now into his eyes, watching their expression as he talked to her. She stood quietly enough now. She was conscious of his finger tips still stroking the back of her bare arm. And she liked it.

"You are very nice," she said. She kept looking into his eyes.

The young man didn't say anything. He stood there a moment, looking down at her. Then he moved slightly away.

"I suppose you've seen all the rooms," she said. They walked back into the living-room.

He stood there, uneasy. It was evident he hated to leave her like this. His eyes fell upon the piano.

"I wonder if you'd mind playing something?" he asked.

She seated herself at the piano, smiling up at him.

"What would you like to hear?"

"Anything."

She played a waltz. The same waltz she had been playing when he arrived. He watched her long, nimble fingers run over the black-and-white keyboard with easy skill.

"Play this," he said, when at length the waltz had ended. The tune he selected was a lively one. She played it. And just as he had hoped, by the time she had finished it, her mood had changed completely.

"You play very nicely," he said. He reached for his hat. "I shall call you about the house after I've talked it over."

"Must you go?" He saw fear widening her eyes again. Fear of being left alone with herself.

He looked at the clock. "I can stay another half hour. Then I really must go. I have an appointment."

"Sit here." She indicated the divan beside her. He sat down.

She reached over and turned on the radio, tuning it low, so that the music seemed to come from far

away. It made a pleasant background for conversation.

"I would like to tell you about my—friend," she said. "Providing you don't mind listening?"

"Not at all."

"Well—he's a doctor. About forty-five. His wife died years ago."

"I see."

"I've been seeing him now for several months. He wants me to marry him."

"Yes?"

"Yes. But—" Her long fingers picked restlessly at a pillow-top. "Well—it's not an easy matter to decide."

"Such matters sometimes aren't."

"It's not that he isn't good enough. He couldn't treat me better."

■ She was silent for a while. The young man was silent.

"Mr. York and I—we were very much in love with each other."

She sighed.

"One doesn't want to feel they are making a mistake about such matters."

"Of course not."

"But living on like this—" She looked about her.

"I know. You find it lonely."

"Yes."

During their pauses in conversation the music came out to them softly. It sounded strangely artificial in this setting.

"That's why I thought going away might help. I want to be sure."

"It sounds like the wisest course."

The radio announcer was saying something. But he seemed very far away.

"I suppose the thing I'm really afraid of is monotony."

"There's no reason why anyone's life should be monotonous."

"That's easy for you to say."

"Why me?"

"Because you have so much to give to life. You are so young. So vital."

The young man laughed a trifle self-consciously.

"What you need to do is learn to play," he told her. "Get away from your thoughts for a while. Don't consider everything a matter of life-or-death importance."

She looked at him wistfully. "I wish I could," she said.

"It's evident to me that you're not ready to settle down just yet."

She laughed. "I know that."

(Continued on Next Page)



"Well then—" He made an upward gesture with his arms. A gesture that said plainer than words could say it, "So what are you going to do?"

She was looking at him intently. "If older people only had some of the confidence of youth," she said.

After that she turned the conversation away from herself. He found that she talked quite intelligently of books. Of music. And, surprisingly enough, she was interested in baseball. When at length the clock chimed the half hour they both started in surprise. The young man scrambled hastily to his feet.

"Good grief! I'll be late."

She got up leisurely from the divan and stood facing him.

"Don't go," she said.

"But I must. I have an appointment," He started for the door. "I'll phone you our decision about the house after we've had a chance to talk it over."

She had followed him. Before he could turn away again she had thrown herself upon him. She clung to his neck, pulling his face down against her own. With her mouth she sought and found his own, and clung to it. And all the while she was making crying little sounds in her throat.

■ The young man did not draw away from her. He stood there, quietly enough, but he did not return her caresses. He waited until she was through, then calmly he disengaged her arms from about his neck.

"I'm afraid you've made a grave mistake," he said quietly. "Because I stayed on to talk to you was no sign that I wanted to be your lover."

"I know that," she cried. "I know that. But there's something about you. Oh, I need someone young—"

"I'm sorry," he said. "But I'm afraid it'll have to be somebody else. I hadn't thought it necessary to explain, but I'm already engaged. I'm getting married next week. That's why I was looking at the house."

"Oh," She had drawn away now. She didn't say anything else. She stood there, her face changing expressions swiftly. When at length she did speak again her voice sounded changed. It sounded impersonal. And tired.

"I'm sorry to have caused you embarrassment," she said. "Good night."

"Good night."

She stood in the doorway, watching him until the darkness had swallowed him away from her sight. Then she turned back to the living-

room. Methodically she switched off the radio; then all the lights. Through the darkness she groped her way to the bedroom and fell across the four-poster, lengthwise, with all her clothes on. She found a pillow and buried her face in it. She sobbed. At first she tried to stifle them with the pillow. But they broke out; they poured over. They resounded through the stilled and darkened house. She lay there, sobbing like that, for a long while. She was still lying there when the telephone began to ring.

At first she let it ring. It would ring three or four times, then for the next few minutes it would be silent. Then it would ring again. Persistently. Its sharp, metallic shrill went through the silent house like a fire-alarm. She lay there, her nerves on edge. She had to answer it at last out of sheer desperation.

"Hello."

"Hello. That you, Victoria?"

"Yes." (It was the doctor.)

"I didn't recognize your voice. Have you been out?"

"Yes. Out."

"Busy?"

"Not much."

"I just got away from the hospital. I was wondering if it's too late for me to come by for a while?"

■ Through the lonely darkness she stared at the wall.

"No," she said. "It's not too late."

"You sure?"

"No. Come on out."

"Thanks, Victoria. I have to clean up a bit. It'll be about thirty minutes."

"I'll be expecting you."

"It's lovely outside. Put something on and we'll go for a drive."

"All right. I'll be ready."

"I'll be seeing you, then. Good by."

"Good by."

She hung the french telephone into place and sat staring at it. But this time she did not smile. She got up and walked slowly into the bathroom to wash her tear-stained face. While she ran water into the basin she looked at herself in the mirror. The black satin dress was wrinkled. Her hair disheveled. Where she had cried, cakes of whitening, and rouge, and mascara had all run together and hardened over the wrinkles in her face. She looked at it. She looked toward her dressing-table with all its bottles and jars and boxes.

"Damn it," she said.

She sighed and began to wash her face.

### Old Husbands Renewed!

● He needn't be old . . . many young husbands, too, are careless about their appearance. Send yours in to see us. . . . We'll outfit him in the newest Shirts, Neckwear and Haberdashery . . . and we'll send him to you again . . . good as new!

Comparison Determines Value

## THE GREAT WARDROBE

Quality Since 1886

### CARMELITA SPRINGS Untreated Artesian

## WATER

Soft - Healthful - Pure  
Bottled Fresh Daily

#### CHEMICAL ANALYSIS

| (Grains Per Gallon) |      |            |      |
|---------------------|------|------------|------|
| Calcium Oxide       | 5.64 | Iron Oxide | 0.45 |
| Magnesium Oxide     | 2.70 | Chlorides  | 1.68 |
|                     |      | Sulphates  | 7.58 |

Owned and Distributed Locally by

**P. A. DONALDSON & SONS** :: **Phone 3970**  
230 W. Figueroa St. - - - Santa Barbara

THE FINEST IN FOOD - THE BEST IN LIQUOR

Featuring James Campiglia, Jr.'s Dinner Music  
from 6:30 to 8:30

## PLANTATION CAFE

Dancing every evening from 8:30 to 1:00

THE BIGGEST LITTLE BAND IN TOWN

Phone 22174 for Reservations  
19 East Figueroa

### Announcement

## La Arcada Upholstering Shop

Formerly with W. J. Sloan, New York and San Francisco

OPENING JUNE 1ST

WITH A COMPLETE LINE OF DRAPERIES, SLIP COVERS and CUSTOM FURNITURE. WE SPECIALIZE IN ANTIQUE FURNITURE REPAIRING. WORK GUARANTEED. ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN.

**RENGA BROS.**

Phone 28383

19 La Arcada Bldg. - - - Santa Barbara

## Finger on the whispering masque

By KURT UNKELBACH

In the merry merry month of May the blind bard is shot from behind as he attempts to leave during the first act

■ Along the main stem of the western white way, "The Night of January 16" left the local woods in April, and was immediately succeeded by *Three Men on a Horse*. These funny men on a horse at the El Capitan are the same men who have been touring the States, England, Australia and the Lesser Provinces for a couple of years now, and on the very same horse. No matter how weary the horse at this stage of the game, though, the show is still tops for comedy and should stay on and on until the grain season passes away. Its only competition at the moment, it would seem, is *Personal Appearance* over at the Belasco, with Gladys George treating the lead role as only Gladys George can treat any role. The tag line for the show, which has something to do with a son of a you know what, is a pretty fair criticism of the show itself. Bombastic, expressive, this comedy brings to mind the thought that there is still purity in the world, even if it is in a gas station. Not that the Morals League should go to see the show. Hollywood likes

this show, even though it is aimed at Hollywood itself, which should prove something or other; perhaps that Miss George and her whiskey voice should stay out here for a film version. There has been no little talk of that in the past; and whenever a New York hit comes to town, the rumors spring to life again. Just as if the Hollywood columnists didn't have anything else to gossip about. As almost everybody knows by now, Curran and Gaites, the gentlemen who produced the recently departed *The Children's Hour*, are promising Mark Kelley's "Reflected Glory", with Tallulah Bankhead in the lead role, for this coast. *Dead End* and *Boy Meets Girl* are also hinted at, but no one takes hinting any too seriously in the theatre anymore. The former show is a mighty production to stage, and the latter is now scheduled for the films. So chances are that the local boards will not witness them this season. And Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset*, which is lolling in Chicago after a huge success in Cleveland, still looks like it might hit these parts

before June. Not saying June of what year, though. No promise.

Things haven't been rolling along any too smoothly at the Pasadena Playhouse of late. Despite the fact that *Queen Victoria* played to packed houses, the show was still on the sleepy side of the fence. Doris Lloyd romped admirably from eighteen to eighty in the title role, a feat worthy of any actress who is neither eighteen or eighty at the date of production. Her supporting cast sparkled now and then, but things were slow and dull for the most part. Beautiful dialogue does not always make beautiful theatre, and this was no exception to the general rule. Miss Lloyd sent the social climbers home well satisfied that they had been in the presence of royalty, whether they slept in the presence or not. To her go the roses. James Warwick, whose *Blind Alley* hit Broadway last Fall, premiered his *Stalemate* here, with little happening before, between, or after the curtains.

■ Your own scribe's wanderings in the garden of playwrighting have resulted in the plucking of a wilted posy or two. As previously threatened, his *Two Bits In Cellophane* was produced at the Pasadena Playhouse with gratifying results and several mash notes. William

Thienes, Donn Harter and Barton Booth managed to bring down the house, with feminine lead Shirley Gregory carrying said house off. They misplaced the house after several performances and the show had to close. It will reopen in other parts shortly. You can catch *Abduct Me Tenderly* in its run at the Berkeley in Hollywood, where the abduction is now about in the middle of its duration. Opening for the recently completed tragedy *Come Stroll Past Midnight* will be announced shortly, but not over the radio; then it will stroll eastward. As a matter of fact, all three shows will stroll hand in hand with the author on his return to the eastern fields come August. Send you a post card from there.

The ghosts of Joseph Jefferson, Richard Mansfield and Sarah Bernhardt, to mention a few outstanding ghosts, are pretty perturbed these days, for they're tearing down the old Grand Opera House to make way for the machine age. So L. A.'s first legit house (1884 vintage), which opened with *The School For Scandal* years ago, will surrender to a parking lot at fifteen cents a day and rates by the week or month. Somebody's mother ought to be pretty ashamed over all these doings.



CALL  
6 1 5 6

For Economical and Dependable  
Transportation

Each Passenger fully protected by Insurance

Mary Lou Brown

CUSTOM BUILT CLOTHES  
FOR WOMEN

Mihran Studio No. 9  
E. Carillo St. Santa Barbara  
Phone 23061



Sheffield wine cooler \$25 . . . . Goblets \$25 doz. . . .  
Wedgwood plates \$15 doz. . . . Sheffield Bowl \$50  
. . . . Salad fork and spoon \$12 . . . . Candelabra \$65 pair  
Sterling salad forks \$32 doz.

A. SCHMIDT & SON

Established 1869

3273 Wilshire Boulevard

Los Angeles

CHINA

SAN FRANCISCO

712 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

PASADENA

**NEW 1937 PHILCO,  
ZENITH and ATWATER  
KENT RADIOS**

**NOW ON DISPLAY**

Trade in that old obsolete radio and really enjoy the musical radio programs, news, sporting, political and other events on the air.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE WILL GLADLY CALL AT YOUR HOME AND QUOTE OUR UNUSUAL ALLOWANCE FOR YOUR RADIO ON A NEW SET.

**VAL FELGER**

715 State St. Phone 3207

**ANTIQUES**  
English Furniture  
Silver

Mrs. Wick M. Parsons  
Mary Louise Parsons  
LINCOLN AVE., CARMEL,  
CALIFORNIA

**FLOWERS**

and

**POTTED GIFTS**

Visit Our Nursery—Open  
Daily and Sunday.

See the New Blossoms,  
Flowers and Plants.

**CAMPBELL  
HORTICULTURAL CO.**

For Your Complete Garden  
Needs

19 S. Milpas, Santa Barbara  
Phone 3815

**HINTON BROS.  
SAFETY CLINIC**

24 East Figueroa St.  
Santa Barbara, Calif.

**Wheel Alignment and  
Brake Specialist**

Official State Brake and Wheel  
Alignment Shop No. 1802

**New York Interlude**

(Continued from Page 22)

idea of returning to Manhattan for a long time. His father, Earl, has acquired a place in Palm Springs which they have christened "Nitechevo", which, translated from the Russian means "Nothing". Guess Kelly didn't have much fun here as he was in the hospital most of the time. Wonder if it was partially a broken heart over the gal his family deported him to forget. He must be cured by now; if he isn't he should be.

Mrs. Clinton, (Lois Clark De Ruyter Spreckels) has a girl child; originally it was called Christiana, but it is now cooing to the name of Elma Clark Clinton—Seems his mother's name was similar—Incidentally, Adolph Spreckels Jr., Lois' ex, is settling down very nicely to the sugar business—his divorce from Gloria Debevoise is nearly matured here. Mrs. Gurnsey Curran (Florence Clark) auntie of Elma née Christiana, is giving up her house in Rumson, N. J., and is to spend most of her time in her newly acquired palace in Palm Beach.

The *Europa* took Mr. and Mrs. Michael Phipps, also the Winston guests, to foreign shores the other night. The gents are famous polo players—too bad Winston lost his right fore-finger by the accidental discharging of his gun in Florida recently. He looked very cheerful and doesn't think it will reduce his goals. We hope he is right.

It looks as though the *Court House*, fashionable club, is about to close; we will be very sorry, as it has been the locale of pleasant parties—but thank heavens we are not going to be out \$200—if it closes—as its members will probably be. I think they could still foil the wolf if they had a different management. It is pretty awkwardly run—however, it is no step-child of mine.

■ Mrs. Frank Vandérilp graciously gave us her consent to run the picture in this month's issue of *Apéritif*. She is one of the busiest people we know and instead of wasting her energy talking, she accomplishes wondrous things. She is president of the Board of Trustees of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children—worthy cause. No small amount of work is required to raise sufficient funds to keep up an organization which takes care of over 3,000 patients a year and this time it is to be the opening of a three-day Spring Flower Festival at the *Gardens of the Nations* in Rockefeller Center. It sounds colossal. One of the main

The Los Angeles **AMBASSADOR**

**"COCOANUT GROVE"**

Finest Dance Orchestras.. Merriest of Night Life.. Recognized Rendezvous of the Sophisticates of Hollywood and Los Angeles.

**The Los Angeles AMBASSADOR**

A 22-acre Playground in the heart of a Great City... A Home-like Hotel, renowned for its Service and its amazingly varied entertainment.

**3400 WILSHIRE BLVD.**

John L. Ramboz, President Ben L. Frank, Gen. Mgr.



**Bowling -- Billiards**

Healthful Recreation

Open Everyday 7 A.M. till Midnight

FREE PARKING

COCKTAIL SERVICE

**BILLIARD & BOWLING CO., Inc.**

14 E. Figueroa

Phone 6065

Knit Your Own Sweater—Smart and Inexpensive  
Tweeds—Imported and Domestic Yarns and Tweeds  
Needle Point Tapestries  
ATTEND OUR INSTRUCTION KNITTING CLASSES



23 La Arcada Bldg.

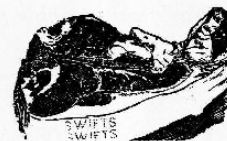
Phone 7550.

We carry only **SWIFT'S**

**EASTERN BEEF**

and

**FANCY MILK LAMBS**



**QUALITY MEATS -- CHOICE CUTS  
FOR EVERY OCCASION**

Free delivery in Santa Barbara,  
Hope Ranch and Montecito.

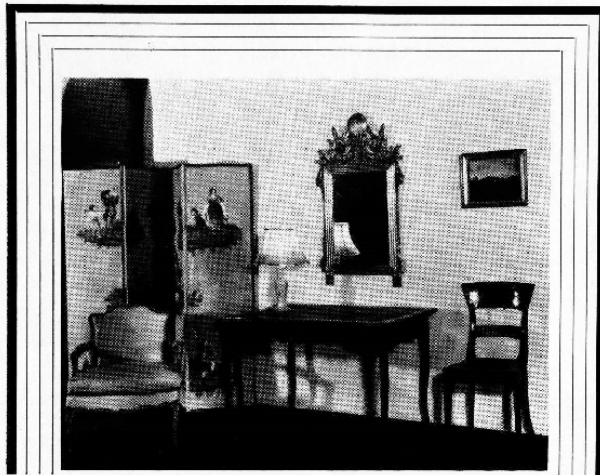


1100  
Chapala

Phone  
6141

Located in the Owl Drive-In Market





## The TUCKER SHOPS INC.

919 State Street  
SANTA BARBARA

**HARRIS' CABINET SHOP**

Furniture made to order.  
Store and Office Fixtures.  
Repairing and Alterations  
Upholstering and  
Refinishing.  
Estimates and Sketches.

131 East de la Guerra      Dial 21244

may we help you with ?  
your employment problems •

Complete line of domestic, hotel and resident office help furnished.  
References guaranteed—Service free to employer.

## CLARK'S EMPLOYMENT BUREAU

ETHEL M. CLARK

Phone 26398

1035 De La Vina

"Let Us Help You When You Need Help"

REMEDIAL, CORRECTIVE AND CONDITIONING EXERCISES  
CABINET BATHS AND MASSAGE

For Physical Perfection and Excellence: Health, the

## PAUL WENNBURG SYSTEM

EXCELS

234 LA ARCADE BLDG. - SANTA BARBARA - Phone 24440

For Home Services, Unique Portable Equipment

features is the Daffodil Show which will consist of more than 10,000 narcissus and jonquils; also, a keen competition of May Baskets is expected. Mesdames Paul S. Achilles, Yoneo Arai, Kingore Bixby, William Blount, William Lafayette Burton, 2nd, William D. Carmichael Jr., Eugene W. Ong, Frank Vance Storrs, and Ralph Pratt Hinchman are among the members of the general committee. There is a large Junior Committee which are going to help serve luncheon, tea, cocktails and dinner. They are to wear low heels and bring their own aprons. Bet the excitement will be terrific. During the past years 87,-

252 persons from America and distant lands such as Java, Japan, India, and Australia, have visited this newest version of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. (I didn't count 'em.)

*Agony Column Item:* Johnny Sebastian—we called you at CA. 53700 which reports that you have checked out. Please give us your new address c/o this interlude.

Then there was the woman who got herself a vague Swedish maid, so green she couldn't even boil water. In desperation the mistress asked the Swenska what in hell she could do—the reply was—"me milk reindeer!"

## Under the bed

(Continued from page 13)

caused by peering through blood-shot eyes, caused by staying up that late.—In poker, impossible!

Y ?—I dunno!

Vowel enough?

\* \* \*

■ As I've been pounding the typewriter in this Wild Plea for Rescue, I've stopped from time to time so I could hear if The Police were battering my Door down yet. If Fate should allow me to finish before they can take me by surprise, rest assured I shan't be easily captured. I don't know just what I'll do, but you can bet it will be something pretty damned dramatic and terrible. I was never an one to lie supine under injustice and persecution. Yes sir, something drastic! I may even get out of here and look

for A Job. Or, of course, as I once said, I *might* go Back East.—Except that weeks ago I was down at the Los Angeles Headquarters of The Vagrancy Squad. I answered a lot of questions, and surprisingly it looked as if everything would be alright. That they would deport me. I didn't have any money. But then it came out that I was A Writer. And The Big Captain leaned over his desk a me, quizzically tilting his head and chuckling "Say, that's a pretty good one! Writer, eh? Turn 'im loose, boys! Looks like the joke's on you! He's not *supposed* to have any money!—So it doesn't look as if there's much hope. And I'm sorry, you good people of California! I tried!"

Excuse me while I get back Under the Bed.

## Boating vs. yachting

(Continued from page 9)

all varnished mahogany and glistening metal, some plutocrat's plaything. Envy clouds my eyes. Then I look off across the channel. Say, the poor folks in those shanty-boats over there don't even have a boat like mine. I smile, and I envy not the rich man his yacht, nor Midas his golden touch. Haven't I a dandy little sailing ship, a shirt on my back, a couple of biscuits in the oven at home? My face lightens. The breeze freshens, as I sail merrily along. Trouble is soon forgotten, is even now hull down on the horizon, rapidly disappearing astern. —Hey, belay it there, but I told you the little boat gets you. Just give me a chance to swing her up into the wind and I'll get back on the course and say something about the last Honolulu race. Twelve small but staunch ships started, and fin-

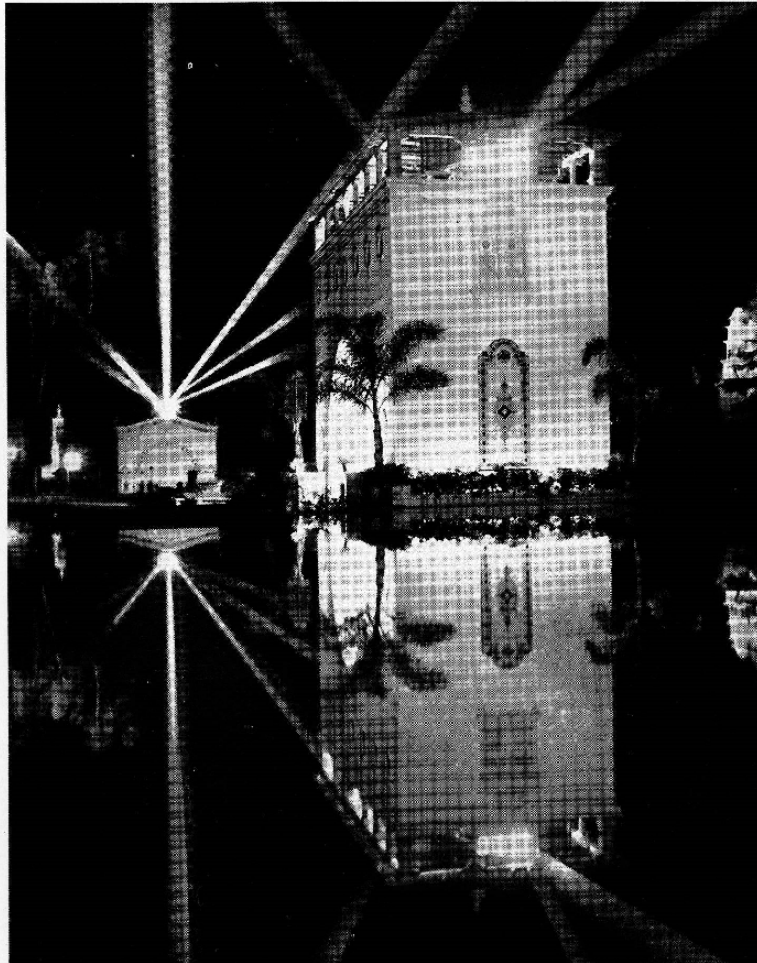
ished this classic. C. E. Hoffman's schooner *Fandango*, less than ninety feet in length, scratch boat. One of Matt Walsh's little twenty-eight foot *Common Sense* ships the smallest. Yachts all of these with yachtsmen manning them. Yachtsmen, but also sailors. It takes guts to start out on a 2200 mile ocean jaunt aboard vessels as small as these. And just to prove that the modern American women can take it as well as her pioneering ancestors, several female Jack-tars helped to sail this race.

Well, I'll still stand by my boats, that is until some unsuspected rich relative shuffles off, leaving me his all, I author a couple of best sellers, or I win an Irish sweepstake, and can afford to keep up a "yacht" and pay a flunky to shine my brass buttons.

The Greater 1936  
**California Exposition**  
SAN DIEGO

Where all your dreams of grandeur are gathered together in one perfect setting. . . . Universally acclaimed the World's Most Beautiful Exposition.

G  
L  
O  
R  
I  
O  
U  
S  
  
B  
Y  
  
D  
A  
Y



G  
L  
A  
M  
O  
R  
O  
U  
S  
  
B  
Y  
  
N  
I  
G  
H  
T

***You'll See!***

An awe-inspiring nocturnal display . . . "the true Arcadia" . . . perpetuating the colorful romance of early Spanish days. . . . In those details that meet the eye, only beauty has been served. In those unseen, but infinitely more potent qualities sensed only by a deeper faculty, an enduring charm has been created.

***You MUST see it this summer***

# RESTAURANTE del PASEO

VISIT OUR  
Unusually attractive

## FIESTA ROOM

Entrance Through Lobby

### A COCKTAIL LOUNGE

superbly appointed for the  
comfortable refreshment of  
ladies and gentlemen.

An intelligently chosen assort-  
ment of

### BEST BRANDS and VINTAGES

Served by capable and experienced  
attendants

## SALON LA SALUD



### EASTERN and WESTERN BEER

at precisely  
the right  
temperature

Open 9 A.M.  
to  
2 A.M. daily



JOHN SEBASTIAN